Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Goldfish Bowls

MR. IVY LEE has just mailed us a printed copy of an address he made in July on "The Problem of International Propaganda." Coming after the recent Senate investigation of alien propaganda in this country, this roused a rather lurid curiosity, but the pamphlet's contents are not particularly inflammatory, though they are interesting. Mr. Lee merely faces the question squarely and advocates more, not less, of international propaganda.

His argument is that gunfire is apparently still the only language universally understood among nations, and that the reason for this is mistrust—mistrust inspired by lack of knowledge and understanding. Thus the purpose of his international propaganda is to attain peace and the outlawing of war through universal education in the aims and desires of the various peoples. Unfortunately, the efforts made by most modern governments to inspire understanding of their policies in other lands have taken the form of "press departments" to give hand-outs to foreign correspondents, who are naturally skeptical of these, and become more so when their efforts to check the facts are hindered. By way of showing the futility of such attempts to hoodwink other nations, Mr. Lee quotes Will Irwin: "Nature has endowed the human mind with a curious sixth sense for truth. It is slow, this instinct; it burns dimly, but persistently." And Mr. Lee, for this reason, advises governments to assist journalists "to obtain quickly, accurately and authoritatively the information their newspapers seek to publish for their readers." The newspapers, we are to believe, of course, seek nothing but the unalloyed truth.

Mr. Lee also quotes Ortega y Gasset in his contention that the governing classes of the past no longer rule, that the ordinary man (even under modern dictatorships) "has resolved to govern this world himself." American governments, as an example, for the past twelve years have been unable to gain our entrance into the World Court, opposed by the mass of our people. This stubborn determination of the common man to rule, in matters which seem vital to him, is the thing which makes essential greater understanding among the peoples of all nations.

One obstacle to such understanding

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is the technique of official communications between countries, which grew up when most governments could act decisively in foreign affairs with confidence that they would be supported by their own citizens. Today the people insist upon being consulted, and the high-flown language and delicate subtleties of diplomatic communication are only an impediment to the understanding which must precede assent by the voters. We need to get rid of this "wig and gown spirit."

What Mr. Lee advocates is the direct appeal, through press, radio and movies, frank and openly acknowledged. He would have its technique based upon the most advanced studies of mass psychology, which, he says, show that the "devices and incantations of professional propagandists cease to have effect after a while" and it becomes necessary to appeal to reason. But the appeal to reason must be dramatized, since the mass of men are too busy with their own affairs or too lazy to follow complicated arguments. He advocates purchase of advertising space in newspapers for the printed statement of any case, since it would compel most attention. Similarly, he would have governments buy time on the air for aural presentation. Movies could further dramatize the issues, and in this medium he is willing that schools, churches and homes should aid in distribution of the films.

II

With the main points of Mr. Lee's argument few can disagree. More understanding among the nations would undoubtedly be a good thing, though it may seem stretching it to say that this would prevent wars—France and Germany are pretty well aware each of what the other wants, and yet the drums are beating. Foreign Office communiqués certainly are not models of clarity and might well be improved upon. Censorships are inexcusable. Likewise, newspapers, radio and the movies could bear up under some additional revenue.

What seems doubtful in Mr. Lee's analysis is the effect all this added propaganda would have on governments, which are, after all, composed of men. The two Governments which have in recent time taken most advantage of these modern means of communication are those of Hitler and Roosevelt. Each came into power on a wave of popular enthusiasm almost hysterical. And each within less than two years has lost a large measure of that popularity: in his latest "plebiscite" two or three million votes more were cast against Hitler than in his first election, despite the full pressure of Nazi coercion; and Roosevelt's party expects to lose from fifty to seventy-five House seats in the fall elections.

It can, of course, be objected that economic hardship is the better reason to account for their loss of popularity. Neither country has regained enough prosperity to satisfy the demands of voters, and large minorities in both have been alienated by certain of the policies followed by their Governments. Nevertheless, the New Dealers, by insistent and multitudinous public appearances, have gained themselves distinct personal unpopularity. Their attempt to explain everything they have done to the populace has resulted in unnumbered contradictions and a vast confusion in the public mind. Even members of the President's family have come in for wide-spread, if quiet, criticism for being so constantly on the radio, in the

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movies and in the press, not to mention magazines. The details of the parallel in Germany are not available, but at least it is known that all the modern methods of ballyhoo have been used by the Nazis and that even so Hitler felt it necessary to shoot a number of his colleagues on June 30—perhaps as scapegoats.

One of the basic dogmas of advertising is that you can, by sufficient reiteration, get a great many people to believe anything. Advertisers attempt to influence the subconscious workings of consumers' minds, so that they will react automatically—and favorably—toward a product, and it must be said that the attempts are very often successful and profitable. But this is hardly the appeal to reason. It is difficult to see how a reasonable solution of the War debt problem could evolve through the medium of double-page spreads in a thousand newspapers representing in equally glowing terms the diametrically opposed views of the United States and any European debtor. And if we had the German and French Foreign Ministers outlining their opinions on the matter nightly over our radios, the best they could in any reason hope for would be our hearty dislike.

These highly developed means of communication spread their wares at a speed and in quantities unparalleled in the history of the world. Popular entertainers—singers, joke-makers, columnists, actors, novelists—obtain an audience wider than that of any other age. But one of the results is that the quality of their entertainment thins out: too much is demanded of them, they are humanly unable to supply it, and soon their audiences become bored or annoyed. The turn-over of talent is prodigious. Movie stars almost never last as long as stage stars; novelists are worn out in a few years; columnists commit suicide, or should. And there is no reason to believe that politicians and statesmen are better able to stand the strain.

Upton Sinclair promises that if he is elected Governor of California he will conduct the office "in a goldfish bowl." Certain of the New Dealers have been acting in a similar manner. Now Mr. Lee would have nations do the same thing. What we need, more likely, is a little decent reticence.

W. A. D.

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Social Insurance for America

By P. W. Wilson

At the next session of Congress this will, in all probability, be a paramount issue. It is time that Americans began seriously to think about it

Nations, it is said, acquire empires and develop institutions in a fit of absence of mind. They are unconscious of what is developing within and around them.

Fifty years ago the world had formed a definite mental picture of Bismarck. He was seen with clenched fist—"the man of blood and iron." Within Germany and beyond her borders, his dreaded name was associated with a diplomacy punctuated by three brief and triumphant wars.

Twenty-five years ago, mankind had formed a mental picture, no less definite, of David Lloyd George. He was a pacifist and a pro-Boer, who opposed the war in South Africa. He was a radical who wished to disestablish the Church in Wales and set up a parliament in Ireland.

The student of sociology is beginning to realize that the victories of Bismarck and the radicalism of Lloyd George were far from being their real contribution to the permanent structure of their respective countries. Just as Napoleon's code of law has endured where his conquests collapsed, so are Bismarck and Lloyd George important chiefly to the social historian for one inadequately recognized achievement. They inaugurated great and enduring schemes of social insurance for unemployment, old age, invalidity, widowhood, sickness, maternity and emergencies associated therewith. In their stormy careers that has been what really mattered.

It is now the turn of President Roosevelt. Of him also there is a definite mental picture. He is the unwearied Titan who fights depression on all fronts, using any weapon that may be available without too careful a consideration of the cost. The White House has resounded with discussions of wages and prices, of prevention of abuses on Wall Street, provision of guaranteed capital to depressed industry, control of harvests and recognition of trade unions. But is that all? Can it be that fifty years hence the name of President Roosevelt, like the names of Bismarck and Lloyd George, will be significant for a much further-reaching initiative? Is he also to be among the pioneers of social insurance?

There is no mistaking the trend of his mind. He has appealed repeatedly for the Forgotten Man, and insurance may be defined as the economic remembrance of the hard cases which otherwise would

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be forgotten. During the summer, President Roosevelt declared in definite terms for "social insurance," and it is an open secret that, at Washington, the content of that comprehensive phrase is under examination by what is left of the Brain Trust. Such fact-finding usually precedes what Mr. Roosevelt is fond of calling "action."

In the Great Britain of the pre-War period, the free and independent elector, generally liberal in politics, believed that he knew all about what was going on at Westminster. He read of debates on urgent matters—as they were regarded—education, the size of the navy, the powers of the House of Lords and so on. It was taken for granted that the people would be consulted over any new departure in public policy.

But, for some reason, social insurance, as a slogan, failed to stir the blood. People regarded the idea as a fad remote from the traditions of Great Britain. It was true that Mr. Lloyd George spent a holiday in Germany where he was understood to be studying the subject; and he also had his Brain Trust around him as a bodyguard. But the affair was not taken seriously. Was not Asquith in the saddle as Prime Minister? The pace would continue to be leisurely.

It was with a shock of surprise that people woke up and discovered that a new situation had been created behind the scenes. Outlandish proposals, as they seemed to be, of which not a hint had entered the head of the average man, had been worked out and were suddenly laid before Parliament. On the validity of those proposals a powerful government, supported by a predominant party, staked its existence. The country was committed and, as events have shown, committed irrevocably to a vast scheme of national responsibility for which there had been no audible public demand—of which the nation had had in effect no previous knowledge.

The people then understood, not by reason but by instinct, that something of vast and incalculable significance was about to change the constitution of the body politic. For many months, there was a tornado of sound and fury, and the popular press played the game for all it was worth. If liberty-loving housemaids were to be humiliated once a week by the obligation to lick stamps and affix them to insurance cards, what was the use of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights? Had King Charles I been executed in vain? It was propaganda designed for the unintelligent and was denounced as today we denounce poison gas. But whatever may be thought of the ammunition, the fight was over a real issue.

In the United States, history is repeating itself. Not one person in a hundred has given five minutes of serious thought to what President Roosevelt means when he broadcasts allusions to social insurance. The nation treats him in this matter as Germany treated Bismarck and as Britain treated Lloyd George.

It happens that I was closely associated with David Lloyd George during those years before the War when he was working out this policy. I believed then and I believe now in social insurance. I go so far as to think that if social insurance is adequate, no country need fear acute depression—still less, revolution. Even the inadequate insurance in Germany has kept the Bolshevists at bay. I can not but be deeply impressed, however, by the problems, administrative and financial, which would have to be faced in the United States if social

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insurance were to be adopted. If ever there were a sphere of policy on which public opinion should be informed and educated it is this.

II

First, let us clearly understand that, up to the present, there has been nothing of the kind in this country. All the pension schemes, whether of States or corporations, if put together, would not begin to be even a nucleus of what is meant in Britain, Germany or other countries by social insurance. In this broader survey, they may be dismissed, one and all, as unimportant.

The question is whether, by compulsion or custom, which in practice may amount to the same thing, fifty to sixty million people in the United States shall be enrolled in a scheme of insurance which shall be aided and guaranteed by the community as a whole. Is the answer to that question to be yes, or is it to be no?

To the fundamental issue, details do not matter. Experience in many countries has shown that social insurance, once adopted and put into force, tends to be permanent and, indeed, to be broadened in its scope. In this country, it is not usual to do things by halves, and if social insurance be once started, the chances are that, in due course, it will be universal.

The British scheme, taken as a whole, costs $1,250,000,000 in a year. The population of the United States is three times the population of Great Britain and the proportional cost in this country, therefore, would be $3,750,000,000 or, in round numbers, four billions in a year. It works out at thirty dollars per annum for every person in the country.

The comparison may prove to be an understatement of the position. Take the British old age pension as an example of a typical benefit. It is, approximately, $2.50 a week. Occasional pensions granted in this country are more nearly five dollars a week and we hear talk of a ten-dollar pension. If the scale of benefits all round is to be double the British scale, the cost will work out at eight billions a year, and is it certain that the benefits will be limited to double the British scale? An immense sum of money is thus involved.

The first idea of what may be called the "prosperity American" will be that a beggarly dollar or two a week is no safeguard against poverty. What is the use of handing out seventy-five cents a week as in England for the support of a dependent child? The answer is that even a modest insurance may prevent poverty from becoming destitution, and, actually, the benefits work out on a more generous scale than appears on paper. Old folks usually live in a family. The wife as well as the husband has the pension and five dollars a week in England is a help to the domestic budget. The allowance for children is in addition to the allowance for parents, and the various benefits, including provision for sickness and so on, have to be considered not piecemeal but as a whole. They mean that even the humblest home has something at its back. Also, social insurance means that all other forms of saving on a modest scale are made worth while. The battle is no longer hopeless. It can be won.

The prospect of this large expenditure in the United States should be realized in advance and surveyed, first of all as a whole. How is it to be regarded in terms of economics? On general grounds, so I submit, the argument for social insurance is unanswerable. Let us suppose that the national income runs

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around fifty billion dollars and that it ought to be much higher. A scheme which puts into continuous circulation ten billion dollars is, manifestly, of appreciable advantage as a corrective of underconsumption. All of us are agreed that there must be a balance between consumption and production. Social insurance provides for a measure of such adjustment, and in the simplest manner. There is no inflation or deflation of the currency. There is no interference with the methods of manufacture or distribution of commodities. There are no codes. But the ability of the people to consume is maintained. The demand for commodities is maintained. Despite all that has been alleged against the dole in Great Britain, as insurance has been most inaccurately described, the system has proved to be, during these perilous years, the steadying factor in national finance. It is a commonplace that it has saved the country from revolution. Also, it has prevented a collapse of credit and of industry.

The money distributed by insurance is not thrown into the sea. It is not squandered on luxuries. Every cent of it passes into circulation, contributing to rent, the security of mortgages, the turnover in the stores and, in a word, to the demand for necessities of life. Not only does this money create employment. It creates the right kind of employment, not forgetting an income for farms where food is produced.

It is social insurance that relieves the labor market. As machinery is perfected, labor is displaced and has to be otherwise absorbed. From time to time and in certain areas, there is not enough work for a period to go around and, of course, we have also the calamitous interruption of foreign trade.

Social insurance secures that short time in industry shall not be accompanied by a diminished demand for goods and services. Fewer people may be needed to do the work that has to be done but there is as much work to be done as before. In such a situation, the first thing to do is to eliminate from active industry those whose age and infirmities entitle them to leisure or odd jobs. Old age pensioners are not loafers on the sidewalk. They are the veterans of industry. They have earned the right to leisure and such leisure will do no harm to their character as citizens. To liberate the old from work is the best way of finding work for the young, and so with the physically disabled and the widows, who ought to be looking after their children instead of trying to earn money to support them.

Social insurance mitigates a real grievance. It removes a genuine dread. It relieves the kind of acute discontent which is always an embarrassment and sometimes a peril to civilization. It was social insurance that in Great Britain defeated the general strike: the people refused to destroy the old folks' pensions.

III

What is roughly described as life insurance has been rapidly developed throughout the United States, and the experience of Great Britain has shown that life insurance does not suffer as a result of social insurance under the state. But life insurance, though entirely beneficial, is not enough. The vast majority of policies are quite small and we have to face the fact that, in the United States as in other countries, the people as a whole are without resources usually described as private means.

A question, obviously of great importance, is whether the existing ma-

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chinery of insurance in this country shall be used by the state as an agency for running social insurance. In Germany, numerous approved organizations are so employed, and in Great Britain, friendly societies, trade unions and insurance companies like the Prudential are included in the official and semi-official machinery. A country so vast as the United States may find that existing organizations are useful and even indispensable as constructive allies. There seems to be no reason in principle why the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish organizations, and, indeed, any responsible society of suitable character should not assist in operating this plan.

But there must be fair play. The insurance companies must not regard their function as merely an opportunity for hard-boiled business, to be treated as lawyers treat workmen's compensation. A great human problem has to be solved by means of human relations. And fair play means a definite abstention from graft by all concerned. That evil tradition must be brought to an end.

In considering the stability of social insurance, there is one factor that should be kept always in mind: what upsets all possible calculations is war and the economic nationalism that has followed the last War. A destructive explosion within civilized society is a shock to insurance and all other stability. If we are to solve any problem affecting mankind, we must take it that the race itself retains some measure of its sanity.

Assuming that currency is allowed to be stable within reasonable fluctuations, the actuarial results of social insurance are now ascertained. Over sickness, maternity, widowhood, invalidity and old age pensions, there is no difficulty. These risks are scientifically insurable according to foreseen averages.

By its very nature, social insurance covers a period of time. The British scheme has been calculated beyond the year 2000 A.D. This is not a sphere of administration in which Congress can pull the machine to bits and put it together again every year or two. Amendments may improve or extend a scheme. But there must be continuity.

Unemployment is a risk that stands by itself. It is determined not by the circumstances of the individual alone or mainly, but by his environment. In nine cases out of ten, the individual can not help his loss of work.

In a world at peace with itself, economic and military, there is little doubt that unemployment, averaging say seven per cent of the workers, would be soundly insurable. Broadly, it would be a form of payment for short time. It is only or mainly the War that, in Britain, has made the position difficult.

Out of the hurly-burly over unemployment insurance three results now emerge into the obvious. First, it is possible to insure against occasional unemployment running up, say, to three months in the year. The precise periods can not be explained here in detail. Secondly, a certain number of workers will drift out of benefit and must be maintained by direct grants from the state. This surplus unemployment, as it may be called, is not insurable under present conditions. Thirdly, unemployment benefit, though it be a palliative, is no real solution of the human problem involved. There ought not to be unemployment on such a scale. It is disastrous to character and a denial of elemental human rights.

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In the United States, a scheme of social insurance must be three times as big as in Britain and four times as big as in Germany. Such a scheme, to be what it ought to be, should extend from coast to coast and, obviously, its success will depend on effective administration. This country has the finest material in the world for a civil service adequate to the purpose. The universities and colleges are turning out just the recruits that are needed. Many of these recruits are, at this moment, hard put to it to find a job. The time has come when the progress of the country can not be what the occasion demands unless the Civil Service is organized, once for all, on the strict principles of appointment and promotion which were adopted in Great Britain among other reforms of the Victorian Era.

IV

There are multitudinous details which accompany any and every such scheme of insurance. In the United States, we find a kind of instinctive assumption that this country has to think up something different and try experiments. It so happens that other nations offer experience which is of greater value than any experiments. That experience is at the disposal of this country.

Certain considerations may be indicated. First, a scheme need not be comprehensive at the outset. For instance, it might include sickness but not maternity. When the structure is erected, new features can be added to the content.

Secondly, the aim should be simplicity. Every avoidable complication should be avoided. The German schemes are more elaborate than the British and, to that extent, less effective. One danger of needless rules and regulations is that they bring the individual under control of a bureaucracy and undermine his independence. For instance, in Germany there is a subdivision of the scheme according to classes of workers, and corresponding scales of contributions and benefits according to wages. Also, maternity benefit is awarded in particularized items. Britain treats employment as employment whatever the wages, and gives to the mother a lump sum. Officials in Whitehall consider that a mother knows better than anybody else where the money will be spent most usefully.

Thirdly, simplicity implies a general measure of uniformity. It is all very well to talk about State rights. But if each State runs its own scheme, it means that all kinds of questions of domicile arise. As a means of knitting together a great continental republic and forestalling any possible disintegration, social insurance might be as valuable as railroads, highways and the radio.

Fourthly, any idea of organizing social insurance, as understood abroad, by individual industries is unconvincing. Labor is less of the craft than before and is more mobile. Also, it is of the essence of insurance that it spreads risks from one area of uncertainty to another. The strong and stable enterprises ought to share the burden that falls on the more speculative industries.

The nations which have adopted social insurance appear to be predominantly in favor of contributory schemes, usually based upon payments into a fund by the employer, the employed and the state. All the contributions are, strictly speaking, taxation. But it is only the state subsidy that has to be provided out of the budget.

The adoption of social insurance by a nation and especially a nation like the

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United States, can not but be an event that marks an epoch. It establishes a new contact between the citizen and the commonwealth, more intimate by far than the vote or obedience to the law, as usually understood. It represents an acceptance by the state of new and formidable responsibilities for domestic affairs in millions of homes. It is this change not only in economics but in the atmosphere of politics that is involved in the inquiries proceeding at Washington.

The policy of social insurance throws open the door to a vast extension of usefulness for the medical profession. The doctor may have to work hard. But he is assured of his pay. It is of the utmost importance that the authority over him should be carefully separated from the administration of the scheme as a whole. In Great Britain, there is no possibility of bringing pressure to bear on doctors which they ought to resist. It must be made clear that a state medical service, however valuable it may be, in which doctors and nurses are civil servants, is no substitute for sickness insurance which provides for the needs of the home when the breadwinner is *hors de combat*. It is an important question whether medical benefit should consist chiefly of treatment as in Germany or of relief as in Great Britain.

V

Social insurance is an organization of the whole community for the well-being of the overwhelming majority within the community. It is thus national, not sectional, and may well prove to be effective answer to the lobbyists who demand special favors like the bonus for special groups. It can hardly fail to emancipate the more dependent citizens from the thralldom of political machines like Tammany Hall, and, properly administered, its effect may be to clean up politics in the municipal sphere. Also its central administration is by an authority other than trade unions. These are among the vital reasons why, in Great Britain, social insurance is supported by the Conservative party. It may be costly. But it is a bulwark. If the conservative forces in this country know their business, they will refrain from talking of social insurance as if it were to be denounced as socialism. It is the sound method of forestalling socialism without interfering with the conduct of business, and, in other countries, it has been put over by capitalist parties as a means of working the capitalist system.

The United States is a country that can achieve supreme results if it wishes. Its failures are never due to lack of ability—only to a lapse in purpose. There is today a noble opportunity of carrying out an insistent claim on the community as it ought to be carried out. The entire atmosphere of society from coast to coast would be changed if every adult working citizen, man or woman, had his card or cards, paid to date, and guaranteeing a reasonable mitigation of unforeseeable calamities, physical and economic. Every producer of goods would be more assured of a market for his output. Every distributor of goods would be similarly fortified against fluctuations of business. Labor exchanges throughout the country would diminish unemployment to a minimum.

Such a network of just dealing with unavoidable emergencies would associate the entire citizenship of the United States in a deeper commonwealth of economic mutuality.

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The Raid

By John Steinbeck

A Story

It was dark in the little California town when the two men stepped from the lunch car and strode arrogantly through the back streets. The air was full of the sweet smell of fermenting fruit from the packing plants. High over the corners, blue arc lights swung in the wind and put moving shadows of telephone wires on the ground. The old wooden buildings were silent and resting. The dirty windows dismally reflected the street lights.

The two men were about the same size, but one was much older than the other. Their hair was cropped, they wore blue jeans. The older man had on a peajacket, while the younger wore a blue turtle-neck sweater. As they swung down the dark street, footsteps echoed back loudly from the wooden buildings. The younger man began to whistle *Come to Me My Melancholy Baby*. He stopped abruptly. "I wish that damn tune would get out of my head. It's been going all day. It's an old tune, too."

His companion turned toward him. "You're scared, Root. Tell the truth. You're scared as hell."

They were passing under one of the blue street lights. Root's face put on its toughest look, the eyes squinted, the mouth went crooked and bitter. "No, I ain't scared." They were out of the light. His face relaxed again. "I wish I knew the ropes better. You been out before, Dick. You know what to expect. But I ain't ever been out."

"The way to learn is to do," Dick quoted sententiously. "You never really learn nothing from books."

They crossed a railroad track. A block tower up the line a little was starred with green lights. "It's awful dark," said Root. "I wonder if the moon will come up later. Usually does when it's so dark. You going to make the first speech, Dick?"

"No, you make it. I had more experience than you. I'll watch them while you talk and then I can smack them where I know they bite. Know what you're going to say?"

"Sure I do. I got it all in my head, every word. I wrote it out and learned it. I heard guys tell how they got up and couldn't think of a thing to say, and then all of a sudden they just started in like it was somebody else, and the words came out like water out of a hydrant. Big Mike Sheane said it was like that with him. But I wasn't taking no chances, so I wrote it out."

A train hooted mournfully, and in a moment it rounded a bend and pushed its terrible light down the track. The

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lighted coaches rattled past. Dick turned to watch it go by. "Not many people on that one," he said with satisfaction. "Didn't you say your old man worked on the railroad?"

Root tried to keep the bitterness out of his voice. "Sure, he works on the road. He's a brakeman. He kicked me out when he found out what I was doing. He was scared he'd lose his job. He couldn't see. I talked to him, but he just couldn't see. He kicked me right out." Root's voice was lonely. Suddenly he realized how he had weakened and how he sounded homesick. "That's the trouble with them," he went on harshly. "They can't see beyond their jobs. They can't see what's happening to them. They hang on to their chains."

"Save it," said Dick. "That's good stuff. Is that part of your speech?"

"No, but I guess I'll put it in if you say it's good."

The street lights were fewer now. A line of locust trees grew along the road, for the town was beginning to thin and the country took control. Along the unpaved road there were a few little houses with ill-kept gardens.

"Jesus! It's dark," Root said again. "I wonder if there'll be any trouble. It's a good night to get away if anything happens."

Dick snorted into the collar of his pea-jacket. They walked along in silence for a while.

"Do you think you'd try to get away, Dick?" Root asked.

"No, by God! It's against orders. If anything happens we got to stick. You're just a kid. I guess you'd run if I let you!"

Root blustered: "You think you're hell on wheels just because you been out a few times. You'd think you was a hundred to hear you talk."

"I'm dry behind the ears, anyway," said Dick.

Root walked with his head down. He said softly, "Dick, are you sure you wouldn't run? Are you sure you could just stand there and take it?"

"Of course I'm sure. I've done it before. It's the orders, ain't it? Why, it's good publicity." He peered through the darkness at Root. "What makes you ask, kid? You scared you'll run? If you're scared you got no business here."

Root shivered. "Listen, Dick, you're a good guy. You won't tell nobody what I say, will you? I never been tried. How do I know what I'll do if somebody smacks me in the face with a club? How can anybody tell what he'd do? I don't think I'd run. I'd try not to run."

"All right, kid. Let it go at that. But you try running, and I'll turn your name in. We got no place for yellow bastards. You remember that, kid."

"Oh, lay off that kid stuff. You're running that in the ground."

The locust trees grew closer together as they went. The wind rustled gently in the leaves. A dog growled in one of the yards as the men went by. A light fog began to drift down through the air, and the stars were swallowed in it. "You sure you got everything ready?" Dick asked. "Got the lamps? Got the lit'a-ture? I left all that to you."

"I did it all this afternoon," said Root. "I didn't put the posters up yet, but I got them in a box out there."

"Got oil in the lamps?"

"They had plenty in. Say, Dick, I guess some bastard has squealed, don't you?"

"Sure. Somebody always squeals."

"Well you didn't hear nothing about no raid, did you?"

"How the hell would I hear. You think they'd come and tell me they was

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going to knock my can off? Get hold of yourself, Root. You got the pants scared off you. You're going to make me nervous if you don't cut it out."

II

They approached a low, square building, black and heavy in the darkness. Their feet pounded on a wooden sidewalk. "Nobody here, yet," said Dick. "Let's open her up and get some light." They had come to a deserted store. The old show windows were obscure with dirt. A Lucky Strike poster was stuck to the glass on one side while a big cardboard Coca-Cola lady stood like a ghost in the other. Dick threw open the double doors and walked in. He struck a match and lighted a kerosene lamp, got the chimney back in place, and set the lamp on an up-ended apple box. "Come on, Root, we got to get things ready."

The walls of the building were scabrous with streaked whitewash. A pile of dusty newspapers had been kicked into a corner. The two back windows were laced with cobwebs. Except for three apple boxes, there was nothing at all in the store.

Root walked to one of the boxes and took out a large poster bearing a portrait of a man done in harsh reds and blacks. He tacked the portrait to the whitewashed wall behind the lamp. Then he tacked another poster beside it, a large red symbol on a white background. Last he up-ended another apple box and piled leaflets and little paperbound books on it. His footsteps were loud on the bare wooden floor. "Light the other lamp, Dick! It's too damned dark in here."

"Scared of the dark, too, kid?"

"No. The men will be here pretty soon. We want to have more light when they come. What time is it?"

Dick looked at his watch. "Quarter to eight. Some of the guys ought to be here pretty soon now." He put his hands in the breast pockets of his peajacket and stood loosely by the box of pamphlets. There was nothing to sit on. The black and red portrait stared harshly out at the room. Root leaned against the wall.

The light from one of the lamps yellowed, and the flame sank slowly down. Dick stepped over to it. "I thought you said there was plenty of oil. This one's dry."

"I thought there was plenty. Look! The other one's nearly full. We can pour some of that oil in this lamp."

"How we going to do that? We got to put them both out to pour the oil. You got any matches?"

Root felt through his pockets. "Only two."

"Now, you see? We got to hold this meeting with only one lamp. I should of looked things over this afternoon. I was busy in town, though. I thought I could leave it to you."

"Maybe we could quick pour some of this oil in a can and then pour it into the other lamp."

"Yeah, and then set the joint on fire. You're a hell of a helper."

Root leaned back against the wall again. "I wish they'd come. What time is it, Dick?"

"Five after eight."

"Well, what's keeping them? What are they waiting for? Did you tell them eight o'clock?"

"Oh! Shut up, kid. You'll get my goat pretty soon. I don't know what's keeping them. Maybe they got cold feet. Now shut up for a little while." He dug his hands into the pockets of his jacket again. "Got a cigarette, Root?"

"No."

It was very still. Nearer the centre of

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the town, automobiles were moving; the mutter of their engines and an occasional horn sounded. A dog barked unexcitedly at one of the houses nearby. The wind ruffled the locust trees in whishing gusts.

"Listen, Dick! Do you hear voices? I think they're coming." They turned their heads and strained to listen.

"I don't hear nothing. You just thought you heard it."

Root walked to one of the dirty windows and looked out. Coming back, he paused at the pile of pamphlets and straightened them neatly. "What time is it now, Dick?"

"Keep still, will you? You'll drive me nuts. You got to have guts for this job. For God's sake show some guts."

"Well, I never been out before, Dick."

"Do you think anybody couldn't tell that? You sure make it plain enough."

The wind gusted sharply in the locust trees. The front doors clicked and one of them opened slowly, squeaking a little at the hinges. The breeze came in, ruffled the pile of dusty newspapers in the corner and sailed the posters o[illegible] from the wall like curtains.

"Shut that door, Root!—No, leave it open. Then we can hear them coming better." He looked at his watch. "It's nearly half-past eight."

"Do you think they'll come? How long we going to wait, if they don't show up?"

The older man stared at the open door. "We ain't going to leave here before nine-thirty at the earliest. We got orders to hold this meeting."

The night sounds came in more clearly through the open door—the dance of dry locust leaves on the road, the slow steady barking of the dog. On the wall the red and black portrait was menacing in the dim light. It floated out at the bottom again. Dick looked around at it. "Listen, kid," he said quietly. "I know you're scared. When you're scared, just take a look at him." He indicated the picture with his thumb. "He wasn't scared. Just remember about what he did."

The boy considered the portrait. "You suppose he wasn't ever scared?"

Dick reprimanded him sharply. "If he was, nobody ever found out about it. You take that for a lesson and don't go opening up for everybody to show them how you feel."

"You're a good guy, Dick. I don't know what I'll do when I get sent out alone."

"You'll be all right, kid. You got stuff in you. I can tell that. You just never been under fire."

Root glanced quickly at the door. "Listen! You hear somebody coming?"

"Lay off that stuff! When they get here, they'll get here."

"Well—let's close the door. It's kind of cold in here. Listen! There *is* somebody coming."

Quick footsteps sounded on the road, broke into a run and crossed the wooden sidewalk. A man in overalls and a painter's cap ran into the room. He was panting and winded. "You guys better scram," he said. "There's a raiding party coming. None of the guys is coming to the meeting. They was going to let you take it, but I wouldn't do that. Come on! Get your stuff together and get out. That party's on the way."

Root's face was pale and tight. He looked nervously at Dick. The older man shivered. He thrust his hands into his breast pockets and slumped his shoulders. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks for telling us. You run along. We'll be all right."

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"The others was just going to leave you take it," the man said.

Dick nodded. "Sure, they can't see the future. They can't see beyond their nose. Run along now before you get caught."

"Well, ain't you guys coming? I'll help carry some of your stuff."

"We're going to stay," Dick said woodenly. "We got orders to stay. We got to take it."

The man was moving toward the door. He turned back. "Want me to stay with you?"

"No, you're a good guy. No need for you to stay. We could maybe use you some other time."

"Well, I did what I could."

III

Dick and Root heard him cross the wooden sidewalk and trot off into the darkness. The night resumed its sounds. The dead leaves scraped along the ground. The motors hummed from the centre of the town.

Root looked at Dick. He could see that the man's fists were doubled up in his breast pockets. The face muscles were stiff, but he smiled at the boy. The posters drifted out from the wall and settled back again.

"Scared, kid?"

Root bristled to deny it, and then gave it up. "Yes, I'm scared. Maybe I won't be no good at this."

"Take hold, kid!" Dick said fiercely. "You take hold!"

"Well, tell me why we got to take it, Dick. I know, but I want to hear again. I want to hear you say it."

Dick quoted to him, " 'The men of little spirit must have an example of stead— steadfastness. The people at large must have an example of injustice.' There it is, Root. That's orders."

He relapsed to silence. The barking dog increased his tempo.

"I guess that's them," said Root. "Will they kill us, do you think?"

"No, they don't very often kill anybody."

"But they'll hit us and kick us, won't they? They'll hit us in the face with sticks and break our nose. Big Mike, they broke his jaw in three places."

"Take hold, kid! You take hold! And listen to me; if some one busts you, it isn't him that's doing it, it's the System. And it isn't you he's busting. He's taking a crack at the Principle. Can you remember that?"

"I don't want to run, Dick. Honest to God I don't. If I start to run, you hold me, will you?"

Dick walked near and touched him on the shoulder. "You'll be all right. I can tell a guy that will stick."

"Well, hadn't we better hide the lit'ature so it won't all get burned?"

"No—somebody might put a book in his pocket and read it later. Then it would be doing some good. Leave the books there. And shut up now! Talking only makes it worse."

The dog had gone back to his slow, spiritless barking. A rush of wind brought a scurry of dead leaves in the open door. The portrait poster blew out and came loose at one corner. Root walked over and pinned it back. Somewhere in the town, an automobile squealed its brakes.

"Hear anything, Dick? Hear them coming yet?"

"No."

"Listen, Dick. Big Mike lay two days with his jaw broke before anybody'd help him."

The older man turned angrily on him. One doubled fist came out of his peajacket pocket. His eyes narrowed as

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he looked at the boy. He walked close and put an arm about his shoulders. "Listen to me close, kid," he said. "I don't know much, but I been through this mill before. I can tell you this for sure. When it comes—it won't hurt. I don't know why, but it won't. Even if they kill you it won't hurt." He dropped his arm and moved toward the front door. He looked out and listened in two directions before he came back into the room.

"Hear anything?"

"No. Not a thing."

"What—do you think is keeping them?"

"How do you suppose I'd know?"

Root swallowed thickly. "Maybe they won't come. Maybe it was all a lie that fella told us, just a joke."

"Maybe."

"Well, are—we going to wait all night to get our cans knocked off?"

Dick mimicked him. "Yes, we're going to wait all night to get our cans knocked off."

The wind sounded in one big fierce gust and then dropped away completely. The dog stopped barking. A train screamed for the crossing and went crashing by, leaving the night more silent than before. In a house nearby, an alarm clock went off. Dick said, "Somebody goes to work early. Night watchman, maybe." His voice was too loud in the stillness. The front door squeaked slowly shut.

"What time is it now, Dick?"

"Quarter past nine."

"Jesus! Only that? I thought it was about morning.—Don't you wish they'd come and get it over, Dick? Listen, Dick!—I thought I heard voices."

They stood stiffly, listening. Their heads were bent forward. "You hear voices, Dick?"

"I think so. Like they're talking low."

The dog barked again, fiercely this time. A little quiet murmur of voices could be heard. "Look, Dick! I thought I saw somebody out the back window."

The older man chuckled uneasily. "That's so we can't get away. They got the place surrounded. Take hold, kid! They're coming now. Remember about it's not them, it's the System."

There came a rushing clatter of footsteps. The doors burst open. A crowd of men thronged in, roughly dressed men, wearing black hats. They carried clubs and sticks in their hands. Dick and Root stood erect, their chins out, their eyes drooped and nearly closed.

Once inside, the raiders were uneasy. They stood in a half-circle about the two men, scowling, waiting for some one to move.

Young Root glanced sidewise at Dick and saw that the older man was looking at him coldly, critically, as though he judged his deportment. Root shoved his trembling hands in his pockets. He forced himself forward. His voice was shrill with fright. "Comrades," he shouted. "You're just men like we are. We're all brothers—" A piece of two-by-four lashed out and struck him on the side of the head with a fleshy thump. Root went down to his knees and steadied himself with his hands.

The men stood still, glaring.

Root climbed slowly to his feet. His split ear spilled a red stream down his neck. The side of his face was mushy and purple. He got himself erect again. His breath burst passionately. His hands were steady now, his voice sure and strong. His eyes were hot with an ecstasy. "Can't you see?" he shouted. "It's all for you. We're doing it for you. All of it. You don't know what you're doing."

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"Kill the red rats!"

Some one giggled hysterically. And then the wave came.

As he went down, Root caught a moment's glimpse of Dick's face smiling a tight, hard smile.

IV

He came near the surface several times, but didn't quite make it into consciousness. At last he opened his eyes and knew things. His face and head were heavy with bandages. He could only see a line of light between his puffed eyelids. For a time he lay, trying to think his way out. Then he heard Dick's voice near to him.

"You awake, kid?"

Root tried his voice and found that it croaked pretty badly. "I guess so."

"They sure worked out on your head. I thought you was gone. You was right about your nose. It ain't going to be very pretty."

"What'd they do to you, Dick?"

"Oh, they bust my arm and a couple of ribs. You got to learn to turn your face down to the ground. That saves your eyes." He paused and drew a careful breath. "Hurts some to breathe when you got a rib bust. We was lucky. The cops picked us up and took us in."

"Are we in jail, Dick?"

"Yeah! Hospital cell."

"What they got on the book?"

He heard Dick try to chuckle, and gasp when it hurt him. "Inciting to riot. We'll get six months I guess. The cops got the lit'ature."

"You won't tell them I'm under age, will you, Dick?"

"No. I won't. You better shut up. Your voice don't sound so hot. Take it easy."

Root lay silent, muffled in a coat of dull pain. But in a moment he spoke again. "It didn't hurt, Dick. It was funny. I felt all full up—and good."

"You done fine, kid. You done as good as anybody I ever seen. I'll give you a blow to the committee. You just done fine."

Root struggled to get something straight in his head. "When they was busting me I wanted to tell them I didn't care."

"Sure, kid. That's what I told you. It wasn't them. It was the System. You don't want to hate them. They don't know no better."

Root spoke drowsily. The pain was muffling him under. "You remember in the Bible, Dick, how it says something like 'Forgive them because they don't know what they're doing'?"

Dick's reply was stern. "You lay off that religion stuff, kid." He quoted, "'Religion is the opium of the people.'"

"Sure, I know," said Root. "But there wasn't no religion to it. It was just—I felt like saying that. It was just kind of the way I felt."

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Wages and Ethics

By H. P. Losely

How little can we afford to pay our workers?

The scientist and technician, the inventor and machine-builder are of late frequently accused of amorality—of being afflicted with a passion for mensuration, discovery of natural laws and application of new technique, with a sublime indifference to the consequences which follow. The flood of innovations has undermined so many old-established structures that from all sides we hear cries for a scientific holiday.

The case for continued scientific work has already ample counsel. So I do not here intend to undertake defense, unless it is the style favored by Marshal Foch —attack, attack and more attack. Instead of less science and mensuration, we need more of it, and I propose to demonstrate that in one particular field, that of wages. That field needs to be much more widely explored by scientific method; indeed, it is only by more searching measurement that we can achieve more ethical practice.

We are suffering, not from a surfeit of scientific development, but from an unchecked growth of mercantilism, which unscientifically measures only immediate profits, but fails to measure the losses it causes. Many of us hopefully await a final and complete rejection of the dismal economics based on Quesnay's "*laissez faire . . . le monde va de lui-même*"—an *auto da fé*, with official recantation of the morality of buying cheap and selling dear, and the formulation of a new doctrine of economics which will not shrink under the searchlight of ethics.

As part of that, we will again have to establish beyond question the fundamental morality of economy of effort —plain thrift. The growing reaction against public extravagance, the realization that even modest savings are being confiscated to provide relief and votes, the exposure that the vaunted abundance is beyond reach of all but a twentieth of our people, all make it now unnecessary to extend the topic. It is daily more apparent that there is so much work to be done that neglect of economy in doing it is indefensible.

There never has been, and never will be in our lifetime, any real shortage of work. Our present difficulties, the appalling losses of under-employment, estimated to have been $25,000,000,000 a year, are not due to lack of worthwhile undertakings. What is missing is agreement as to terms on which the work will be done, and one of the chief reasons why is that we have had no accepted yardstick to measure what each share of the work is worth.

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If the devoted endeavors of industry to achieve economy of labor have fallen below expectations in providing a more abundant life, the partial failure is not due to any flaw in the morality of thrift, but because its gains were neither accurately measured nor equitably apportioned.

So scientific management will have to develop a socially just management, reaching beyond the borders of the single shop. We will indeed have to develop a national labor policy. As Fremont Rider suggested in last month's REVIEW, that policy will have to be fashioned to achieve basic justice and avoid continual surrender to expediency. It may not be an exciting task; it surely will be a long one; yet by it we may replace despair and strife by hope and coöperation.

II

A stern morality of thrift condemns waste, but does not condone buying cheap at the expense of another. Even the commercial mind now perceives that cheapness based on inadequate wages is a false economy, debasing the national standards of life. We have *de facto* conceded that Thorold Rogers was right—fifty years ago—in contending that the state must intervene when compensation to labor becomes so low as to imperil the existence of the state itself. If we have enacted legislation in support of economic morality, it is because public morals can not be maintained without an acknowledged code.

Also, it is becoming clear that we can only establish a *modus vivendi* in industry on a basis of special laws adapted to industrial needs. Our modern world is much smaller and more crowded than that open to Elizabeth's buccaneers, and in a crowded place, the amenities require a code of conduct. What needs watching is that these new codes be drawn so they can be followed. One can not put a whole industry in jail, or even in receivership. Hence it is far more promising for success that we have taken the course initiated by the Recovery Act—the removal of codification from political bodies, delegation of code formulation to those with craft knowledge, yet wisely reserving to public authority the right of review. This basis of procedure is similar to that used in Great Britain for some twenty years under the Trade Board Acts.

What is now most urgently needed is some set of guiding principles in the light of which a review of many inadequate codes can be intelligently made, and which will constitute a moral authority to invoke in restraining the profiteer and parasite. More than anything else we need, not alms and relief, but that most difficult thing to achieve —even-handed justice in the matter of money wages paid for work done.

That is precisely because, under our system, the wages paid for labor and for use of capital are one of the chief terms which determine whether work will and can be done. The nearer we can get to that medieval ideal of the fair wage and the just price, the freer will be the flow of commerce, because prices will then measure fairly the effort expended in producing different goods, serve to make the most efficient methods also the commercially cheapest, and distribute the proceeds equitably.

This by no means implies any doctrine of value based on labor alone, without profit, rent or interest. Truth in accounting requires that something be allowed for these items. We would have to prevent all losses before we could disallow profits, stop all wear and tear before

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stopping rent, and be blind to growth and risk before disallowing interest; the dynamics of nature make all three conditions impossible.

But the old maxim that "cost of production has nothing to do with selling price—you sell a thing for what you can get" is not a safe guide. Some codes recognize special circumstances when sell-for-what-you-can-get is proper, but for the commerce in every-day merchandise, we are coming to the ethical principle that going prices should reflect the true cost of efficient production at an adequate wage, plus an appropriate margin to allow for human frailty, and the total, as closely as may be determined, is the just price—no more, no less.

Needless to say, our past industrial philosophy (?) took little account of any such principle. With bargaining based on expediency without regard for the chain of consequences, break-down was inevitable. The blame does not rest on any one group alone. Many in the owner class, in spite of a sound concept of ethics, found their hands tied by prevailing unfair wages, even before 1929. Unenlightened policies of the wage-earners themselves must share the blame; there was not only greed of an organized minority, but supine acquiescence to unfair wages by a great majority. It is quite as much one's duty to ask for enough, as it is to refrain from asking too much. The only excuse is that we had neither means of measurement nor means of discipline.

III

If we are to establish a basis for determining fair wages, we must first have an adequate concept of what wages are paid for. There is a point of view forcibly expressed by R. H. Tawney in his *The Acquisitive Society:* that no one has any right to demand what he is worth—that with an important issue at stake, no decent man can stand out for his price—but what he has a right to demand and what concerns his fellow men to see that he gets is enough to enable him to perform his work.

With some qualifications, that expression of morality can provide us with ideals of measurement of the fair wage. It is really the complement to the ideal of the just price. For, exactly as the just price provides adequate wages to labor, those in turn must be based on the just price of rearing the worker and equipping him physically, emotionally and mentally to perform the task. So obviously, the wage must vary according to the skill, risks and effort required to accomplish different grades of work. Any method of wage regulation which ignores degrees of skill and intelligence will run contrary to nature and produce harmful results.

Is there to be a limit to "what a man is worth"? The ship's captain is worth more than the A.B. seaman, but in a disaster, he is the last to leave the ship. That tradition of the sea is simple fidelity to duty. If Mr. Pecora found little evidence of any such tradition in our corporation management, perhaps that was because he was examining flagrant cases of piracy, where the crew was made to walk the plank, while the captain kept the loot. It is a high tribute to the public sense of fairness that, in spite of these betrayals of trust, we still recognize that high salaries may be fairly earned, and that without able direction, wages would be and are very much lower.

Able administrative talent is not developed in one jump from the ranks. To secure an adequate supply, the line of promotion must be maintained. Again we find the need of reward for developed ability; we must have a hierarchi-

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cal arrangement, with those who undergo discipline and training to fit them for more responsible work receiving added compensation at each step up. To be sure, there are other motives than cash reward—but they are usually baser ones and more detrimental in their social effect. Briefly, desire for power over others, for snobbish prestige, or for secret influence are all inimical to honesty in business. I hold tenaciously to the concept that the just price, paid in full, is in the long run the best for society. The prophylaxis for racketeering and crime is just an honest reward for honest effort—no more than that.

Our past American practice has not offered sufficient encouragement to develop the intermediate managerial grades. That not only made a shortage of good foremen and department managers, but a further scarcity of top-grade executives with the judgment that experience alone can give. When the capable workman can command about as much by doing his job well as he can get by training tyros, taking the grief of running a shop and risking his reputation, he simply declines to undertake the further education of learning how to manage with skill. The science of management recognizes that its successful application depends on a body of competent foremen, yet in actual practice business (with notable exceptions) has not been willing to pay the real price of securing them; it has too frequently assumed that foremen are born, not made. So it frequently got, instead of foremen with a talent for teaching and bringing out the best in their men, petty bosses who added to their salaries by grafting exactions, kick-back rackets, donations in return for favors, secret commissions from suppliers and employment agencies or even from customers. When business encourages a breed of that kind at the bottom, is it surprising that some of the type work their way to the top?

Colonel M. C. Rorty, a leading practical exponent of the orderly structure of wages has shown, not only what the usual variations of individual earning power are within a group, but what the added compensation should be at each step up, right up to the highest grades. On such a basis, the feasible limits to corporate size set salary limits not much above the ratio of thirty-five times a common decent standard of living cited by J. George Frederick in last month's Review. Many of the criticized exorbitant salaries come from our operation on a poker-game basis of winner-take-all. Instead of recompense to balance fairly the put-in and take-out year by year, we have underpaid minor executives and dangled the carrots of eventual high reward before their noses; it is then rather natural for the lone survivor to take out all he can while he precariously stays on top—and perpetuates the system.

IV

What should the norm be in the ranks? If our concern is that each worker shall get enough to do his work, that means in a society of free men more than subsistence cost, more even than enough to reproduce his kind. There must be some added margin for self-improvement and for risks of change; in modern language, enough to take care of the overhead.

Even the humblest worker has these overhead expenses, though unfortunately many do not realize them. No industrialist figures his costs without including depreciation of machinery, and his code may even prescribe the amount. Yet many of them expect as a matter of

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course to hire workers at a wage which barely covers subsistence.

To be specific, many of the codes provide minimum wages of about thirty cents an hour. It is at least to the credit of the NIRA that many disgraceful rates of ten cents an hour have been abolished. But we can not stop with that. When the worker adopts the same ethical theory of charging for his time as his employer uses for his machine, no competent worker, even in the "unskilled" class, will accept less than sixty cents an hour. The immorality of taking less is that it will eventually make the worker a recipient of charity, however politically disguised, and it meanwhile undermines the position of others. That may sound like the harangue of a labor agitator, but it is sound ethics and must inevitably lead to limitations on individual bargaining.

While a minimum wage of $1,000 to $1,200 a year (depending on time worked), with gradations upward from that, would be more than we have hitherto accomplished, it is a modest goal. It demands neither machinery nor executives not in existence, but will require elimination of some obsolete machinery and management.

When we come to the problem of equity between various base rates for all grades of workers, from untutored porter to highly-skilled tool-maker, we find one of the perennial sore-spots in industry. All too often, the pay bears no relationship to skill, intelligence, risk or effort required for the job. But the science of management has a technique ready to deal with the problem—if asked to do so. Some years ago M. S. Lott devised an ingenious method of dissecting jobs into some fifteen different factors to consider; what was equally valuable in practice was that he was able to get workers to evaluate the factors for themselves, not only confirming management decisions, but convincing themselves of their fairness. Only some three years ago, the American Rolling Mills carried out a scientific adjustment of wage rates of some 7,000 men, doing 3,000 different jobs, in four towns, placing them on an equitable basis. Management knows only too well that jealousy, bred by unfair pay, is a serious handicap to good work. Given a chance to apply fair rates of pay, our technicians will do the measuring job quickly enough.

V

Last but not least, consideration must be given to the part played by the division of labor and mechanization in modern industry. We simply could not get our work done by the jack-of-all-trades. Much of the skill needed has been transferred to the machine. To achieve optimum economy, industry has found by the method of trial and error that the worker must be provided with tools which cost as much as his wages for three years for their purchase, and about three-tenths of his current wages for upkeep and renewal. With three times the Biblical tithe going to the maintenance of the capital account, it is hardly surprising that the industrialist is concerned more with economic theories of obsolescence and depreciation than with ecclesiastical theories of obsequies and damnation! With the continuous change in both product and equipment, the new machines offered him make an almost daily dilemma: to buy or not to buy.

So, in considering the fair wage, one must place question marks against the prevalent talk of returning to the worker the value of what he produces. He does not produce alone; he uses a technique built up in the past, and only produces

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abundantly by virtue of an investment in tools to which he has no moral claim, and by grace of skilled guidance often far beyond his ultimate comprehension. It is on that ground, and the hard fact that it is always the thrifty who carry the principal burden, that the objection to dominance by labor may rest its case.

Yet we must recognize that the procedure of division of labor has limiting effects on the opportunity of the individual to exercise his skill. As a matter of equity, we must compensate the man for separating him from his tools by increasing the reward for his skill in proportion to the net increase of output. To be specific, while the average worker in 1929 was turning out thirty-five per cent more than in 1921, his wage was only increased from $1,180 to $1,325; it should have been raised to $1,600.

This is not to say that each worker's wage should have been $1,600 a year, nor even that each class should have been increased thirty-five per cent in the period. Our national policy must be directed to press chiefly for a lifting of those wages still far below the level of equity and thus raise the average. I am convinced that had we followed such a course, we would not have had to undergo the castigation of this depression.

Yet when we come to the practical stage of imposing adequate wage standards on many industries not yet organized to pay them, I fail to see how it can be done without some corollary steps. Higher wage rates will call for the building of more labor-saving devices if costs are to be kept within marketable price limits. The greater investment will only pay if it is intensively used, and that precludes anarchistic competition. The logic seems irresistible; we may and should have competition, but it will have to be within planned limits. Otherwise the yield of enterprise will not be high enough to pay adequate wages. The margin of human frailty has been too high under rampant individualism.

VI

The *pretium justum* of the Middle Ages was not a price derived by exact statistical measurement, but one arrived at by consultation between masters of the guild—the code authorities of their day. Our far more complicated structure is still more in need of standards of justice and equity. The moral justification of cost accounting is that it should determine which method is the most economical in the long run; if the accounting is to render a true report, it must be based on just figures. From the social point of view, factory accounting which puts down wages at the market price, when the latter is not a just recompense, must necessarily lead to decisions which are socially undesirable.

And in conclusion, let me emphasize the morality of a just monetary incentive. Even the Bolsheviks found that the cheapest method of getting work done was to pay more for results. The basic principle of the monetary incentive in modern industry is that it costs too much in every way to employ taskmasters to goad men to work. It is thriftier by far to establish equitable standards and pay men by measured results. Proper standards of performance not only measure the accomplishment of the routine worker and assure him of fair reward, but what is far more important is that they also measure the accomplishment of the management from top to bottom, and produce a high level of managerial talent. For if we are to attain our goal of economical use of labor, employed in good works, capable, honest management is the prime requisite.

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Something New in Peace Machinery

By G. E. W. Johnson

The proposed Eastern Locarno Pact marks a significant change in European methods of staving off war

Who is the most important man in the French Government? There is a good case for arguing that he is neither the President nor the Prime Minister. The President is a ceremonial head of state, not the executive head of the government; the Prime Minister, under the system of coalition ministries which the multiplicity of parties imposes upon the country, is little more than a chairman of cabinet meetings. It is rather in the Quai d'Orsay that one must look to find the key man of the Government. The primacy of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is enjoined on France by the nature of the question that vexes her most: what is the best means of guarding against another German attack? Such is the problem that obsesses the French mentality almost to the exclusion of any other, and it is therefore inevitable that the minister who is charged with the task of solving it should hold the centre of the stage.

Probably the best known French statesman of the last decade was the late Aristide Briand. Prime Ministers came and went, but Briand went on forever as the indispensable occupant of the Foreign Ministry in cabinets of all political shades. After the death of Briand in 1932, the post of Foreign Minister passed into the hands of lesser men; but there is every indication that when on February 9 of this year Senator Louis Barthou succeeded to Briand's mantle as a member of the Doumergue Cabinet of National Union, the Foreign Ministry once more came into the custody of a man whose name is destined to become memorable in the history of France and of Europe. M. Barthou is a former Prime Minister and a member of the French Academy. He shares Hitler's admiration for Wagner, but has little else in common with the German dictator, whose best-laid schemes he delights to make "gang aft a-gley." Although he is seventy-two and has held his present appointment little more than six months, M. Barthou's official travels have taken him farther afield than any other French Foreign Minister of recent times. While Briand was content to commute between Paris and Geneva, M. Barthou has already visited Brussels, Warsaw, Prague, Bucharest, Belgrade

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and London. A trip to Rome is scheduled for the early autumn. This feverish activity on the part of M. Barthou as compared with the placidity of Briand is suggestive of the troublous atmosphere that has enwrapped Europe since Hitler began to lower on the horizon. Briand was the Foreign Minister of a post-War era; his mission was one of conciliation and peace. M. Barthou is the Foreign Minister of what is increasingly feared to be a pre-war era; his task is to see to it that France has as many allies as possible if the approaching thunderheads should unloose their fury.

M. Barthou's appointment marked the beginning of a new stage in France's post-War foreign policy. Prior to M. Barthou's time, this foreign policy had passed through two marked phases. The first phase lasted from 1919 to 1925; it was symbolized by the names Clemenceau and Versailles. It was the period of *revanche*. France felt that she had been grievously wronged and she demanded vengeance. She handled Germany without gloves. When the German government balked at paying reparations in 1923, French troops promptly occupied the Ruhr.

The second phase lasted from 1925 to 1933. Here the symbolic names were Briand and Locarno. It was a period, if not exactly of reconciliation, at any rate of an assuagement of passion. By the Locarno Treaty of 1925 Germany and France pledged themselves to eternal peace. Gradually Frenchmen seemed to be coming to an acceptance of the view that a German attempt at *revanche* was not something to be looked forward to as a matter of course. Slowly, reluctantly, but none the less surely, France consented to one relaxation of the peace treaty after another. Germany's entrance into the League of Nations in 1926, the successive reductions of reparations by the Dawes and Young Plans, the evacuation of the Rhineland in 1930, the end of reparations in 1932 —every change was a change for the better.

Then came Hitler. It was not long before relations between France and Germany began to deteriorate. If any one date must be chosen to mark the point when the change for the worse definitely took place, we may name October 14, 1933, when Hitler announced Germany's simultaneous withdrawal from the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations. He refused to return until Germany should be granted full equality in matters of armament with other powers, with the implication that he intended to gain his ends by unilateral action irrespective of treaty restrictions. It was just the tactics needed to transform the latent suspicion with which France had always regarded Germany into an acute fear. France had made concession after concession to the Germans; they had reciprocated by installing Hitler in power. There would be no more concessions. France refused to discuss equality of rights until Germany returned to Geneva; Germany declined to return until she was granted equality. The deadlock was unbreakable.

II

To understand the French refusal to grant Germany equality rights, it is only necessary to recall that the quest for security has been the keynote of French foreign policy ever since the end of the War. As the French see the situation, if Germany can attack her again with a fair prospect of success, she will do so. Germany has a much larger population than France; as Clemenceau crudely

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expressed it, there are twenty million Germans too many in the world. To equalize the disparity in man-power, France holds that she must maintain her predominance in armaments and trained reserves, and must be free to seek out potential allies. The French are willing to concede Germany equality on only one condition: that they are given, in a form satisfactory to themselves, an unqualified guarantee of security by other powers in the event of German aggression.

France does not regard the League of Nations in its present form as a satisfactory answer to the problem of security. The very fact that the League has so many members makes it unwieldy in any crisis where quick and decisive action is called for. When an act of aggression occurs anywhere, the nations far removed from the scene of conflict are chiefly animated by a desire to keep out of the trouble at all costs. The recent Japanese-Chinese imbroglio made that patent to all. As it requires a unanimous vote of the Council of the League before the provisions of Article X guaranteeing members against external aggression can be put into operation, this article has in practice become a dead letter.

The Locarno Pact represents the extreme limit to which the French have been able to persuade the British Government to go in the direction of guaranteeing them against German aggression. By this pact, Germany and France forswore their thousand-year-old vendetta and definitely recognized the boundary established between them at Versailles as permanent and unalterable. Great Britain and Italy signed the pact as guarantors, promising in the event of violation of the pact to come to the assistance of whichever power was attacked by the other.

Since Hitler began to display his intransigence, however, the French, who have never been quite convinced of the adequacy of the Locarno Pact, have come to regard the value of its guarantees with increasing skepticism. British and Italian help was made contingent upon proof of German aggression; there might be a joker in that. Mussolini had shown signs of flirting with Hitler. Great Britain's far-flung Empire imposes commitments upon her in many other parts of the world; she might happen to be involved elsewhere at the time when the crisis broke, and be unable or unwilling to lend effectual assistance. Germany might succeed in finding allies in Eastern or Central Europe and, as in the late War, make the issue doubtful even if France were supported by Great Britain and Italy. Therefore the French, under the guidance of M. Barthou, have begun to cast about for a new system which could be used to buttress the guarantees of security now afforded by the League and the Locarno Pact.

III

Before considering the methods that M. Barthou has embarked upon in his efforts to find additional safeguards of French security, we must first recall the enormously complicated diplomatic situation with which he has had to deal. In his search for allies to build up the *cordon sanitaire* around Germany, M. Barthou is trying to harness together a team that is large, boisterous and unwieldy, with many discordant and unruly elements among its various members. Russia, Poland, Great Britain, Italy, the Little Entente—all these are among the powers that he has been trying to piece together to form, with France, a mighty dike to wall in the

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Hitler flood. It is obviously no easy task. The only discoverable bond of unity among them is of a negative rather than a positive character—a fear of Hitler. But they do not all experience this fear in the same degree. It ranges in intensity from the unconcealed apprehension of Russia to the mild disquiet of Jugoslavia, with Italy's intermittent suspicion somewhere between the two extremes. Some of the countries fear their proposed partners in the new security system more than they fear Germany—witness Jugoslavia's attitude toward Italy.

Their common dread of Germany tends to bring France and Russia together; France wants Russian aid if Germany attacks her, and she is willing to pay the price by reciprocating if Germany attacks Russia. But what if Japan attacks Russia? France has not the slightest inclination to become involved in any such struggle. She has no desire to give the Japanese an excuse to seize French Indo-China. But just as France seeks to keep out of any Russo-Japanese war, so Great Britain wants to steer clear of a Russo-German war. But if Britain is linked to France and France is tied to Russia, how is Britain to keep out? It looks like 1914 all over again. There is, moreover, another ticklish complication. When, under the Locarno Pact, Great Britain gave a guarantee of assistance to both France and Germany, the British made the commitment on the assumption that France would never attack Germany. But suppose the French form an alliance with Russia and then have to come to her assistance if she is the victim of German attack; how will the terms of the Locarno Treaty apply under such circumstances? Would it constitute an act of aggression by France against Germany—calling for British intervention on the side of the latter? Whatever might be the legal position, it is safe to say that Britain would be loath to find herself aligned with Germany under such circumstances; in fact, if such a war turned against France and she were invaded by German troops, the British might feel called upon to intervene on the French side. The British distinctly do not like these almost illimitable complications. It is for this reason that they have been noticeably cool toward France's *rapprochement* with the Soviet Government. The knowledge that the British Foreign Office was a drag upon closer Franco-Russian relations gave rise to deep resentment in Moscow, and the Soviet press until recently evidenced its pique by persistently depicting Great Britain as a potential ally of Germany and Japan in a war against Russia—a charge for which there is scant basis in a realistic appraisal of the situation. If Great Britain were prepared to give her neighbor across the Channel an unconditional pledge of assistance in the event of aggression, France, on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, would not be so insistent upon cementing her ties with Russia in the face of British displeasure; but as long as Britain—in which there are powerful forces urging a return to the old policy of "splendid isolation"—refuses to go any further than the ambiguous Locarno pledge, France feels that two birds in the bush are better than just one. The French, in short, find themselves on the horns of a dilemma: how far can they go in the direction of an alliance with Russia without alienating Great Britain and without antagonizing Japan?

Downing Street has been at one with the Quai d'Orsay in recognizing that Germany is the danger spot. But the

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British have differed from the French in their proposals for dealing with the situation. The British Government has taken the position that German rearmament in contravention of the Treaty of Versailles is an established fact. It can not be stopped without Germany's consent by anything short of a preventive war—a remedy the public opinion of the world would not tolerate. Therefore, realism dictates that the legality of German rearmament be recognized and that this concession be used to persuade Germany to return to the Disarmament Conference and voluntarily sign a convention limiting the extent of her rearmament. In this way, the British have maintained, Germany would acquire her equality of rights and France would be assured of security.

It is very easy, reply the French, to give Germany equality of rights; but it is a much more difficult problem to guarantee French security. Suppose Germany, having been allowed to rearm, does not observe the legal limits; what machinery are the British prepared to set up to enforce German compliance? The British have displayed conspicuous reluctance to commit themselves on this point. As long as they are unwilling to give France definite assurances, she contends that their proposals only change the situation for the worse: they merely raise the level to which Germany can rearm before she starts breaking treaties. Why, therefore, free her from the stigma of violating the Treaty of Versailles?

The Italian point of view has closely paralleled the British, though Mussolini has on occasion evinced somewhat more warmth for the German contentions. Naturally, it is a part of France's strategy to offer no wanton affront to Italian sentiment that would indispose Italy to become her ally. But in conducting such a strategy, M. Barthou has to balance himself delicately on a diplomatic tightrope, for in conciliating Italy he must avoid offending the susceptibilities of the Little Entente powers, who fear that Mussolini is planning a Habsburg restoration in Austria-Hungary that may prove a greater menace to their independence than Austro-German *Anschluss*.

IV

Such is the almost infinite complexity of the diplomatic situation—all of whose ramifications have by no means been exhausted by the foregoing analysis—that has confronted M. Barthou in his effort to establish a new security system. To attempt to bring together into one alliance so many discordant states, each one chiefly preoccupied with its own interests, is a task of well-nigh insuperable difficulty. What machinery could be devised that would persuade all these countries to offer the maximum of cooperation with the minimum of friction?

As a solution of the dilemma, the ingenuity of M. Barthou, assisted by some helpful hints from M. Litvinov, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, has hit upon the notion of a series of regional pacts on the model of the Treaty of Locarno, but modified to meet the special conditions obtaining in other parts of Europe. The core of each agreement will be a guarantee of mutual assistance by all the signatories to any one of their number that is attacked by another signatory. The scope of a given pact will be circumscribed by the geographical limits of the region comprising the signatory powers; they will not be made to feel that they are entangling themselves in an obligation to participate in remote wars that do not concern .

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them. Where feasible, however, each pact will be guaranteed by one or more great powers outside of the region concerned, but having an interest in the maintenance of the *status quo*.

It will be seen that what is contemplated is in effect the creation on a small scale of a series of leagues of nations in which the responsibilities of the member states will be restricted to a defined area in each case. These regional leagues will be linked together by interlocking agreements within the framework of the big League, but they will have the authority to deal independently with any crisis that may arise in their respective regions. They will presumably be able to act quickly and effectually—to crystallize the issues at stake, so to speak—where the big League, because of its amorphous character inherent in a multiplicity of members scattered all over the world, might falter or procrastinate.

Besides the Locarno Pact, another treaty, although of less importance, has recently been negotiated creating a similar relationship between the signatory powers. On February 9, 1934, a Balkan Pact was signed at Athens by Rumania, Turkey, Jugoslavia and Greece, guaranteeing their respective frontiers against aggression by any Balkan state.

The two additional pacts now being contemplated to take place beside the Locarno and Balkan Pacts are one comprising the powers of eastern—or rather northeastern—Europe, with a view to allaying the tension between Germany and Russia, and another embracing the powers of the eastern Mediterranean. The latter pact would in effect be an extension of the Balkan Pact to include Italy, and would be primarily intended to curb Italo-Jugoslav rivalry.

To preserve the League spirit it is of course essential that such regional pacts be signed by the powers between whom war is likely to arise. If a pact includes simply a group of nations united for common action against some non-signatory state, it will cease to have the character of a league and become something indistinguishable from an old-fashioned alliance. The excluded power, considering itself menaced by encirclement, will then lie under the temptation to build up a rival alliance, and we shall soon have two hostile blocs confronting each other from behind loaded rifles. The Balkan Pact suffers in this respect through the failure of Italy's two satellites, Bulgaria and Albania, to adhere to the agreement, though there have been recent indications that one or both of these countries may break loose from Mussolini's apron-strings and sign the pact in disregard of the Italian veto.

V

France's failure to obtain from Great Britain and Italy a guarantee of definite action to be taken in the event that the German Government should violate the proposed arms limitation agreement, and her own unwillingness to wait until a German attack should entitle her to call upon Anglo-Italian assistance under the Locarno Pact, have led France to turn to Soviet Russia, which shares her fear of Hitlerism and is therefore favorably disposed to the notion of common defensive measures. The Quai d'Orsay and the Kremlin had been engaged in an active exchange of views since the latter part of 1933. The Soviet Government, it is said, urged that they form an out-and-out military alliance, but France demurred for fear of estranging Britain. However, after protracted negotiations, a common policy was finally agreed upon. The result of

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these pourparlers, which seem destined to have momentous consequences, was revealed at Geneva on May 29, when M. Litvinov delivered a speech before the Disarmament Conference that created a tremendous sensation. The Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs announced Russia's approval of the idea of establishing regional pacts of mutual assistance. Recalling that the Soviet government had always advocated complete disarmament as the best means of insuring security, he now made known his conversion to the French thesis in these significant words: "In order to realize the reduction of armaments to any extent whatsoever, the absolute agreement of nearly all states is necessary. . . . For the realization of other measures of security, unanimity is not necessary. . . . Even if there should be dissident states, that ought not in any way to prevent the others from organizing themselves still more closely in order to realize the measures capable of increasing their own security. . . . The more or less universal [Kellogg-Briand peace] pact can be supplemented by regional pacts of mutual assistance. . . . It is not a question of military accords, of groupings of states in mutually hostile camps, still less of the encirclement of any one whatsoever. We must not create universal pacts in which any who desire to do so can not participate, nor regional pacts in which any who are interested in security in a given region can not participate."

In discussions with the Foreign Ministers of the Little Entente powers at Geneva, M. Barthou succeeded in persuading Czechoslovakia and Rumania to resume normal diplomatic relations with Russia. Thus another gap in the French security system was closed up. Jugoslavia, however, remained recalcitrant on this point, although promising to reconsider the matter later in the year.

On July 8 M. Barthou went to London to disabuse the British of their fears regarding the new project. He had been invited to visit England after an interchange of cutting sarcasms between himself and Sir John Simon, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had thrown a wet blanket over the proceedings at Geneva at the end of May. While in London he had discussions with both Sir John Simon and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, acting Prime Minister in the absence of Mr. MacDonald on his Canadian vacation. Although M. Barthou did not succeed in persuading the British statesmen to subscribe to the projected Eastern Locarno, he prevailed upon them to give it their blessing and to use their good offices in urging Germany to adhere to it. He won the British over to this point of view by making it clear that France was willing not only to guarantee Russia against German aggression, but to guarantee Germany against Russian aggression. Thus the appearance of building up a bloc hostile to Germany would be avoided.

Sir John Simon, speaking in the House of Commons on July 13, gave the first official outline of what was contemplated in the proposed Eastern Pact. It was to be a pact of mutual assistance between the Baltic States (Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania), Soviet Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Germany. France would sign as a guarantor of the existing boundaries of Germany and Russia in Eastern Europe. Russia would reciprocate by becoming a party to the original Locarno Pact, thus guaranteeing (along with Great Britain and Italy) the existing boundaries between France and Germany. All suggestion that the

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Eastern Pact was intended to build up a bloc with an aggressive intent against Germany was to be scrupulously avoided. "This Government could not, I think no government of this country could, lend countenance, encouragement or moral support to new arrangements between the states of Europe which would be definitely selective in character in the sense that they were building up one combination against another," said Sir John. "I made this entirely clear and it is due M. Barthou to say that he accepted the proposition and confirmed it without qualification." The British Government would in no way be a party to the Eastern Pact. "Whatever interest and encouragement this country may be prepared to offer this new pact, we are not undertaking any new obligation." In order that the contemplated pact might be kept within the framework of the League of Nations, it was "absolutely essential" that Russia join the League (and, though Sir John did not specifically say so, it would seem equally essential that Germany return to the League). "It would appear to the British Government extremely necessary to realize the conclusion of such a pact. Germany's participation in a system of reciprocal guarantees would afford the best ground for the resumption of negotiations and the conclusion of a convention providing a reasonable application to Germany of equality rights under a régime of security for all nations."

Sir John Simon's reference to granting Germany equality rights was at first widely construed to mean that M. Barthou had been persuaded to yield to Germany's rearmament demands as the price of securing her adhesion to the pact. M. Barthou corrected this misapprehension in a speech delivered at Bayonne on July 15. And that there might be no further mistake, an inspired editorial in *Le Temps* gave an authoritative interpretation of the French position: "The spokesman of the Government of the Republic categorically refuses to envisage that disarmament negotiations should be undertaken as a condition of signing the regional pacts; but he concedes that such negotiations may be initiated after the regional pacts have been definitely concluded."

Italy's reaction to the idea of an Eastern Locarno had at first been one of opposition. In fact, it was understood that one of the points agreed upon by Hitler and Mussolini at their meeting in the middle of June was a decision to oppose regional pacts, on the ground that they would tend to build up rival blocs—rather a brassy attitude for Mussolini to take when the ink was scarcely dry on the treaties establishing the Italo-Austro-Hungarian bloc. However, after learning that England had discontinued her opposition to the Eastern Pact, Mussolini, who makes it a point to keep on the right side of the British (because their navy controls the Mediterranean), suddenly shifted his position and announced that he too would encourage other powers to join the pact, although Italy, like Britain, would not become a party to the agreement.

There are still some questions unanswered—notably, how Britain's obligations under the Western Locarno can be squared with her hands-off policy in relation to the Eastern Locarno when the two pacts are to be tightly interlocked; but this is a point that will presumably be clarified in later negotiations.

VI

But what is the stand of the powers that, under the proposed plan, would

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become members of the regional league to be established by the Eastern Pact? Russia and Czechoslovakia, who both feel themselves menaced by German ambitions of territorial expansion, are enthusiastically in favor of the project. Germany and Poland, however, have taken a position on the opposite side of the fence. Germany's reaction is quite frankly one of hostility; Poland's attitude is described in diplomatic terminology as one of "reserve."

It is needless to repeat here what I wrote in last month's REVIEW on the considerations that govern Polish foreign policy. It is sufficient to recall that Poland's strategical position between Germany and Russia makes her adhesion to the pact a question of vital importance. Under the terms of the Franco-Russian guarantee of mutual assistance by which the Eastern and Western Locarno Pacts are to be interlocked, Russia will come to France's aid if the latter power is attacked by Germany. But, in default of an adequate navy, Russia can only fulfil her obligations if her army is given right of way through Poland. To the Poles, this sounds very much like turning their country into a corridor for Russian troops. They distinctly do not like the idea of opening their gates to a horde of dangerous Bolsheviks, who might be reluctant to leave once they were let in. Hence their attitude of reserve. Whether it represents a fundamental objection to the plan, or merely a tactical position assumed for bargaining purposes, will soon be revealed. In the latter part of July, Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, visited both Estonia and Latvia in an effort to line them up against the pact; but British pressure in the opposite direction carried the day, and both these countries, as well as Lithuania, have announced their willingness to adhere to the pact.

As for the German objections to an Eastern Locarno, they may be summarized as follows: first, it is nothing but a fraudulent device to mask a revival of the Franco-Russian alliance of pre-War days; secondly, the guarantees of security sought in the pact can be better attained by a series of bilateral treaties between Germany and each of the countries upon her borders. In the west, France is protected by the Locarno Pact of 1925; in the east, Poland is safeguarded by the Polish-German non-aggression pact of 1934. What need is there for still another guarantee? Above all, why ask Germany to sign such an agreement with Russia, when the frontiers of the two countries are nowhere in contact? Russia's participation is wholly unnecessary and is proof that the pact is aimed at Germany. To ask Germany to enter such an arrangement is like asking Daniel to enter the lions' den.

The Germans are fully aware that a flat refusal to sign will simply raise another crop of difficulties for them. The *Berliner Tageblatt* has thus expressed the German dilemma: "If the pact is concluded without Germany, no euphemism will be able to hide the fact that we are encircled. On the other hand, if we adhere to it, hope of seeing the armaments problem settled practically disappears. The situation in which we find ourselves is most serious. We shall only be able to improve it if we do not mortgage the future in the hope of momentary relief."

As the matter stands at present, Germany and Poland both dislike the pact, but each is anxious to sidestep the heavy onus of censure that the public opinion of the world is likely to mete out to the government responsible for wrecking

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the scheme. Consequently, each is maintaining an attitude of official reticence as long as possible in the hope that a rejection by the other will relieve it of the responsibility of making the final decision.

VII

As the German decision will probably be known by the time this appears in print, it is idle to speculate on what it will be. But one may venture to forecast the respective consequences of Germany's acceptance or rejection of the pact.

If Germany becomes a party to the pact—an action that would have to be coordinated with her return to the League and the Disarmament Conference—it will undoubtedly reduce the tension at present existing in Europe to a most welcome degree. It will mark an abandonment of the intransigent methods heretofore pursued by Hitler. It will be a notification to the world that the German *Führer* has turned over a new leaf, even if for no other reason than that he recognizes the obstacles in the path of his ambitions of conquest to be insuperable. And despite the German fears, whether real or pretended, that they will be bilked in their demands for treaty revision, Hitler will none the less once more give Germany the moral grounds on which alone in the eyes of the world she will be justified in pressing her claim to equality with France in the matter of armaments. Of course, even if Germany accepts the pact, we must not too readily assume that everybody will live happily ever after. Many another elaborate peace structure in the past has proved to be built on sand, and only experience can show whether the new scheme is capable of standing the test of time. But it is clear that its acceptance would mark a turn for the better, and a turn for the better is always better than a turn for the worse.

With the Eastern Pact successfully consummated, the way would be cleared for the Mediterranean Pact, the plans for which are still in the embryonic stage. Eventually, all the danger zones in Europe—among which the Danubian area would be the most important still to be dealt with—might be covered by regional leagues specifically organized to cope with the stresses peculiar to their respective localities. Such a security system would furnish a most instructive experiment in the world-wide struggle for the preservation of peace.

But what would be the consequences of Germany's refusal to participate in the Eastern Pact? It will convince the world that Germany is resolved sooner or later to embark on a great military adventure. The inevitable alternative to the Eastern Pact will be a Franco-Russian military alliance. That an alliance would be formed if the Eastern Pact should fall through was unmistakably intimated by Litvinov in the speech already quoted. Such an agreement might indeed preserve the embalmed outlines of an Eastern Locarno, but the absence of Germany would *ipso facto* transform it into an alliance that will almost exactly reproduce the diplomatic situation that existed in the years just before the outbreak of the War. In this connection *Le Temps*, which in such matters invariably serves as the mouthpiece of the French Foreign Office, published on July 12 an editorial containing a highly significant passage that deserves to be carefully studied. It was couched in the tortuous, guarded and obscure style affected in diplomatic circles, so that its meaning is almost lost upon the casual reader until the last sentence illumines

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the whole like a flash of lightning, and leads to a rereading of the passage with a fresh realization of its fateful import. The passage is as follows: "It was never the intention of France to substitute a system of military alliances for the system of coöperation within the framework of the League of Nations, to oppose one bloc of powers to another bloc of powers. The constant policy of all cabinets that have succeeded one another in Paris has been to facilitate the organization of peace in the spirit of Geneva, on the basis of security guaranteed to all nations alike, which excludes the idea of the isolation or encirclement of any one power. It is only in the event that the bad humor of some [Germany?] and the overinterested resistance of others [Poland?] should render impossible such a system of security that the countries most exposed to aggression and having common interests to defend [France and Russia?] might eventually be constrained to come to an understanding with a view to defensive action, and that the idea of military alliances might impose itself upon them as an imperious necessity. French policy has for its objective precisely the prevention of such an eventuality, which, if it came to pass, would mark the definite end of the League of Nations."

Far more than the facile and vivid conjectures of newspaper correspondents and casual observers, it is such abstrusely phrased emanations as these that afford us our surest clues to future developments, for they reflect the considered judgment of what is undoubtedly the shrewdest, best informed and most realistic Foreign Office in Europe. Its officials have their fingers on the pulse of the Continent more intimately than any other chancellery can ever hope to do, and they know more about what is going on behind the scenes of European diplomacy than any other group of men in the world. Therefore, when they hint that, if Germany fails to subscribe to the Eastern Pact, the League of Nations will close its doors, it is a warning that can not be taken lightly. It means that if Germany adheres to the pact, peace is regarded as reasonably assured; if Germany turns the pact down, war is regarded as merely a matter of time.

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They've Got to Show Me

By a Missouri Farmer

Some very bad luck has attended the Brain Trusters' efforts with the farm problem, but the farmers' complaint goes deeper than that

I'm a Missouri farmer. I own 204 acres of good land, and I farm as much of it as I can afford to. Right now that's about half.

I've been on the land all my life—sixty-seven years. I've managed to buy my farm, make a living of it, to raise up and start out four children. *I* means myself and my wife.

Nowadays we hear a great deal about the new place of government in farm life. It's time the government was taking a new place in farming or else getting out altogether. Its old place hasn't been very helpful.

When a widow woman couldn't pay her taxes, the government used to come and auction off her cow and home. When a poor man borrowed government money to plant a crop with, and then failed to make the crop or to sell it well, the government swooped down and collected both his crop and his land. During the War, when wheat prices finally got to a place where a good farmer could make say one per cent as much money as a bad clothing manufacturer could, the government rammed down the price of wheat and paid manufacturers an extra ten per cent for soldiers' uniforms.

There's never been as much reason for government going into farming as there is today. In this country we've gone through the worst drought any living man ever knew.

My State is normally one of the greatest farming States in the country. This year the county's corn crop is estimated at one bushel to the acre. That means it would take a fifty-acre field to feed two pigs through the winter. Most of the State has already been classified for "primary relief." The Government says nobody's going to starve or to suffer this winter. That's good talking. If the Government can keep our poor folks from hungering, that will be good business and kind business.

Just as one man to another, I've lost more than I've gained in my own dealings with the government. In the first deal, I lost my oldest boy.

I guess Tom was about average. But to his mother and me he was a lot more than that. And Tom was a natural-born farmer. He took to the plow and hoe because he liked them. He didn't like school. When he got through the grades, we let him quit and farm. He took over forty acres and made a won-

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derful job of farming it, for three years.

Tom was nineteen when the War broke out. He wanted to go. We figured it was a rightful cause and told him to use his own judgment. It was the first time in his life he had been away from home more than overnight.

We didn't hear much from him after that. He said for us not to worry, and frankly we didn't have much time to. Those were great days for farming. We were making more money than we ever had before, and behind that was the notion of patriotic duty.

One night Allan Flowers, who was head of the county draft board, came out to tell us he'd read in the newspaper that Tom had been wounded in action. We couldn't find out any more about it until about seven months later, when they brought him home—or rather to a government hospital out in Denver. About that time we got a notice from the War Department that Tom had been hurt.

So my wife and I went to Denver, and there we found him cramped up on a little hard bed, looking like a cornstalk that was twisted and parched by a summer drought—lungs ruined with gas. I came back home. Ma stayed on till Tom died.

That was in the rush of crops. We all knuckled down and worked harder than we'd ever worked before, saying nothing, trying to forget. Tom had an old horse named Jim. About four years later, when Jim died, my wife and me both sank under and cried like babies. That's a farmer for you.

What I want to say is that the government's War, to make the world safe for democracy and such as that, did more harm to the farm plant than any one man can tell. It took millions of boys away from the land, and mighty few, even of those who came through unhurt, ever got back.

Farming's never going to be at par until we get a lot more young men and young women back on the land. Governments make war and war robs the land of its youth.

II

But water keeps running under the bridges and the big parade goes on, getting bigger all the time. During the past couple of years it appears that the Government has grown a lot, certainly along farming lines. Folks say that the Government is bringing us new light and a New Deal. I'm a doubter, but I'm not a wrench-thrower. There are two or three reasons why I doubt.

For one thing, I've been reading about recovery in Canada as against recovery in the United States. Canada interests me because my brother-in-law took a farm near London, Ontario, about forty-five years ago, and from a standpoint of earning, he's been running circles around me since.

Canada hasn't gone in for any New Deal, not yet anyhow. They don't have any AAA or NRA or FERA or any of that. They let farms and factories and stores go ahead and shuffle for themselves. During the past year Canadian business improved nineteen per cent while American business was improving sixteen, even though Canada is mainly rural and doesn't have one-tenth as many market cities as we do. I don't know how much sense there is in saying that times are getting such-and-such a per cent better. I'm only quoting a newspaper. I still believe considerable of what I read in them.

I doubt the Government's new farm

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programme, too, because I don't think it's farm-minded.

I'm a farmer, and my farm is my world. I don't pretend to know everything about farming, but I've done considerable thinking and looking and a mighty lot of hard work, and I've always loved the land.

My first sizable trip away from home was to the St. Louis World's Fair in 1905. After getting into the city, I strolled off down to the stockyards, and I really enjoyed looking at the cattle and hogs more than I did the fair.

One little instance I recollect well. My wife and her youngest brother and I were looking at a marine exhibit. Among other things there was a platform of seashells, some of them half as big as a wash tub. Without thinking, I remarked to my brother-in-law:

"Bill, wouldn't those make the blamedest best hog-feeding troughs ever?"

Folks around us laughed, and my wife, who was young then, felt right bad about it. But all my life I've thought like a farmer, and never regretted it.

They say good farmers make a good nation. I've always believed that. I know it's true in my own countryside. Hereabouts when farming is good, towns thrive and the people are happy. When farming is bad, the stores turn musty and sleepy, and there's worry and sadness.

It seems to me that the remedy must be foundationed by plain farm thinking. A farmer may get to be tractor-minded, or wrapper-minded, or auto-minded. But underneath all these, if he's worth his salt, he's farm-minded. And the New Deal for farms isn't. Within a month's or a year's time it's trying to rub out the great background of farm viewpoint—that has been pretty well molded and set since the dawn of history.

As I see it, there's wrongness in paying out public money to private citizens to bribe them not to grow crops when it's their real job to grow crops. I say this is bad thinking and bad business. I say it's the guidance of men who don't know farming. I believe better plans can be made and that better plans will have to be made before land can ever play square with men.

I've never been to Washington, and I don't know any of the main Brain Trusters. But I do know some of the local New Dealers. If any of them are farmers, then I'm a flying squirrel.

There's our county agent, for example. I've known that young chap since he was knee-high. He used to go swimming with my boys. But he never liked farm work—never seemed to care a great deal for any kind of work. His folks put him through college and then bought him a farm. He made about the sorriest go at farming that's ever been made in this county. So he sold out and got to be county agricultural agent. He's a better agricultural agent than he was a farmer. He couldn't help being.

Then there's Jack Tolliver's boy, Doc, who's got to be what they call an Emergency Agricultural Administrator. The AAA has swarms of them out, selling us dirt farmers on the idea of acreage reduction and "coöperative contracts," which mean getting pay for not growing crops.

Little Doc came around here twice. The last time I began asking him questions. He had to go home and read the rules book so he could come back next week and answer them.

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These Tollivers were what you might call "town farmers." All they had in the world was a farm, and God how they hated it! They spent most of the year with town relatives thinking up reasons for not planting a crop, and not working it in case they had to plant it. They finally managed to sell their farm and end their worries. They sent this boy, Doc, through business college and now he's an Emergency Administrator.

Then there's Mrs. Ramsey, the school-teacher's wife, who's accustomed to running whatever comes her way. And there's Ed Hamilton, who blinks and snivels when he talks. They run the Rural Relief Office.

And there's Bill Yancy, who was president of our county seat bank that went on the rocks three years ago. Going on the rocks is putting it mild. Not long ago the receivers called in all stockholders and made them pay over a hundred cents on every dollar of stock.

Bill ran his own bank on the rocks and now he's the Government's Home-Owner's Loan director for this district. Bill's not a real bank man and never was. But he is an emergency office-holder, with plenty of experience with emergencies.

The other day Bill asked me how I was coming along with the new planning. I said there isn't anything very new about my planning. He sort of puckered his lips and said:

"Well John, if you don't plan nowadays, you aren't a business man."

Maybe not. And maybe farming isn't a business after all. A farmer can't chisel out competitors. He can't get rich by going into bankruptcy. He's got to play his cards as they are dealt. Farming still depends on weather, bugs, God and luck.

When a span of fence falls down, we rebuild it. We aren't producing anything. We're just keeping the cattle out of the corn field. A farmer must just follow along with the seasons, like he's been doing since the beginning of farms.

The AAA people keep talking about "emergency," "temporary," "immediate." They tell us the Government is "helping" the farmer this year and next. It's only natural that we wonder whether the help will go on after that.

They tell us what next year's yields will be, and what they ought to be. I wonder just how they know. I wonder how anybody can predict rainfall and chinch bugs and foreign wars in 1936, here in 1934. I wonder, too, just how they know how much of a certain crop the public will feel like eating and be financially able to eat—say in three years from now.

When they tell us that the times are getting better, they appear to forget that when times are good people can use the growth from more acres than they can when times are bad. For example, a family that's willing to live on salt pork and cornbread can live off three or four acres. But when they want better food—more fruits, and garden truck, and butter and eggs and fancy things—then they will be using more land. It takes at least twenty times as much ground to make a pound of butter as it does to make a pound of wheat, and the butter is apt to be worth at least twenty times as much to the farmer.

III

So it seems to me that what they call "domestic allotment" is a mighty sloppy and far-fetched way of helping

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the farmer. I'm from Missouri and they haven't shown me.

Here's the regular story that the county agents and AAA folks tell you:

"During the years between 1929 and 1932, the United States used an average of 600 million bushels of wheat a year, and raised 800 million. We use at home about three out of every four bushels of wheat raised. Then if Farmer Jones signs up to reduce his wheat acreage fifteen or twenty, or whatever per cent the wise men say, and leaves this land fallow or in pasture, then on three-fourths of the crop that he makes, he gets a benefit payment of twenty-nine cents a bushel, collectible from the flour mill and paid for by the old man Public."

If that sounds mixed up, you should try reading one of the contracts. I take a dizzy spell every time I do. But they say that about seventy-seven per cent of the wheat land of the United States is under contract. I don't know whether this means popularity, hard times, or downright destitution. One thing I do know. I signed up for forty acres of wheat. Last year I cleared $92 more from it than I did in 1932, about twenty per cent more. Most of the goods I have to buy have risen around twenty per cent, and I'm not at all sure wheat prices wouldn't have been up twenty per cent even if we'd never heard of the AAA.

But this year's crop, because of the drought, was the poorest I ever made and brought the least money.

See that big grove of tall weeds yonder?

That's the wheat land I agreed not to plant. Weeds are doing it more damage than a crop would.

More than that, my wife and I bought that land with our own hard labor and close savings.

We started with about a hundred acres—plastered down with mortgages. We paid it out, and bit by bit doubled the size of our farm. That's the way with hundreds and thousands of farms close around. Mary and I worked ours out like a fair-pulling team. We believed in using land and in using ourselves. Mary gave me our children and tended our home. And now when I look at that patch of ragweeds, I don't believe I'm quite playing fair with her, or that I'm doing what she and I both know is a farmer's job.

Then there's cotton. I don't grow it. I only read about it in the newspapers. They say this year sees the smallest cotton acreage since 1905, down from forty-one million acres to twenty-eight. The AAA wants it to stay at twenty-four million. But I've heard good cotton men say that whenever the price of cotton gets above ten cents a pound, the acreage is going to spread. Now the market worth is around fifteen cents, which means money to the landowners, a chance to pull out of the red. I'm betting they pull.

Last summer, when growing cotton was being plowed under, I felt a mighty lot of sympathy for the mules. All their lives mules had been taught to plow between cotton rows. When they tried to make 'em plow on the rows, the mules shied off. There's a moral to that story. It's linked to the very heart of farming.

I've stayed out of the corn-hog contracts. They're more than I can stomach. With this year's corn crop averaging one bushel to the acre hereabouts, I haven't lost much by staying out. It's a moral victory at a reasonable price, as our Congressman used to say.

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Corn has always been my key crop. It's the greatest crop in America, usually worth more than wheat and cotton together, and as much as all truck crops, or all fruit crops thrown into one. It controls hogs and cattle yields. Hereabouts if a farmer fails to make a corn crop, and can't afford to buy, he's got to sell or give away his livestock. That's what most of us are doing now.

But I'd rather sell hogs as hogs, and cattle as cattle, than to see baby pigs and calves slaughtered by the Government and dumped into the river, like they've been doing the past year.

Right now good hogs are worth around four dollars a hundred. They can't be raised for that. With corn climbing from thirty cents a bushel to around a dollar because of drought, they can't be raised for twice that. If you "coöperate" with the Government and send part of your pigs into market before they're big enough to do anybody any good, then on part of what you keep you get a bounty of two dollars the hundred pounds, bringing the price to around six dollars—which is still a losing price.

A good farmer takes care of his livestock. I've had that rule drilled into me since I was a boy. It's one of the few rules I've never changed, either in practice or in thinking. However poor I get, I don't intend to slaughter baby creatures or to waste valid property.

I'm not accepting bribes to dump young pigs in the river. I've always figured that raising livestock and crops for feeding mankind is a useful and honorable business. If it's not, then I've made a tremendous mistake in being a farmer.

I've always said that if I had a sick horse or cow or shoat and a sick baby, I'd attend the baby first. But if I didn't have a sick baby, I'd attend the animal first.

So I'm keeping what little corn I have to feed what livestock I'm able to. It may not be business. But it's farming, and I'm a farmer.

They say that a million square miles of corn-growing country is parched and seared by drought. This means, of course, that any handout the corn growers can get from the Government will be badly needed. But the bounties can't be enough to make any farmer rich, or even secure for the winter. And I don't think the giving will add to anybody's self-respect.

IV

Getting rid of surpluses is a mighty important item, as any farmer knows. They tell us that farm surpluses are pretty well taken care of now. Papers say that the corn surplus for the whole country, added to this year's yield, won't make ten per cent of a normal corn crop. They say the wheat surplus, plus the new crop, will be about enough to carry the country through the winter. There's still plenty of surplus cotton, but the small grains will soon be scooped clean, and most vegetable and fruit crops are mighty short—if anything. The big cattle surplus is going down like a chunk of ice in August sun. Hogs are already scarce.

But in connection with melting surpluses, it seems to me that the AAA is taking a mighty lot of credit for what's really been done by the worst drought of our time. Last year—even then crops were below average—reduction bounties failed to cut down yields. This year, when about everything in the Midwest and Southwest is burnt to a crisp, will likely make next year's planting a big one. We're facing a lean

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winter, likely some corn-bread-and-branch-water hard times. And it's going to take more than a lot of big words and Brain Trusters with their pictures in the newspapers to make us leave ourselves open to the same risk another season. There's a chance that next year may be dry, too, and when crops are poor, acreage counts.

That's why I say that acreage reduction is a first step in the wrong direction. It'll bring on an unnatural aftermath. I've been noticing for a good many years that bad seasons nearly always start up a new "cycle of surpluses" as the wise boys say.

But I do give the AAA a hand on one thing. That's farm credit. It's given the farmer a fair chance at some reasonable loans, and in the long run I believe a good loan helps a man more than a free gift. The corn loans (up to forty-five cents a bushel on good stored corn) helped us a lot last year. And the emergency loans, up to $250 on a farm, are valuable too. They're saving farm families and farm livestock from hunger in many a section where the banks are still too broke to lend money.

Yet good farming needs more than good credit. It must produce and endure. Other trades may shift and change like the face of a river, but to live from the land a man must keep with his furrow.

I don't say he doesn't need some sort of gauge or guide. It takes those—even to do a good job of plowing. But the real gauge for farming isn't one of letting good land grow to weeds and brush.

I believe it should be a system of stabilizing farm yields; holding over reserves for lean years; protecting the price of crops when yields are heavy; building up a far-spread storage treasury to protect consumers when yields are light. I stand in favor of an ever-normal granary.

When people talk about farm planning, I always think of old Bill Van Erden, over on Vine Creek. Bill was the most successful farmer we ever had in these parts. He raised a lot of corn, planted it early and plowed late, and with his own labor made an average of about 1,000 good bushels a year. He had two good cribs, each one of them holding about a year's crop, and he kept both of them full most of the time.

Bill decided that corn is worth fifty cents a bushel. Fifty cents gives a man a fair return for his land and labor.

But corn prices hereabouts do a mighty lot of shifting—from fifteen to thirty cents a bushel in good crop years; from fifty cents to a dollar after bad years.

But Bill's corn was always worth fifty cents a bushel, and that's what he got for it. If prices were lower he stored his crop and waited. When prices were only a little ways under fifty cents, livestock raisers would pay Bill his price because they knew his was better than average corn. After dry years, when corn prices would begin to climb, Bill would sell out to the last bushel, always at fifty cents. Next year corn was usually cheap again, and Bill would store his crop.

Bill died a rich man—rich off fifty cent corn. He wasn't what you could call an economist. He was a farmer. But he counted on lean years mixed in with the fat ones—which is the rule today, just as it was back in Bible days when Joseph translated the Pharaoh's dream of fat cattle followed by lean cattle.

If a person wants to know about farming, either as a way of living or of making a living, I believe he can learn

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a lot from the Bible. Do you recollect about Joseph, and his grain storage for Egypt?

It seems that the Egyptians were having droughts the same as we are. We've had four lean years out of the past five. They had seven in a row.

But Joseph got the Pharaoh to take up surplus grain in good years when grain was cheap. Then a dry year came, and farm folks ran short of grain. So Joseph took over their herds and fed them, and next year advanced them seed from the government granary. Finally he told them that since they had no cattle and no grain, they could cultivate their land and pay the government a tithe on all they raised.

I still don't believe in government's taking over land, and it strikes me that Joseph was more thrifty than a government man has any right to be. But Joseph was on the right trail. Grain is the true heart of farming, and in my notion, a treasury of grain would be the best treasury in the world.

Understand, I'm not urging a new hatching of Mr. Hoover's Farm Board. That gave the Government ownership of grain without any worldly way of getting rid of it except by giving it away. It was aimed to help the wheat broker and dealer before helping the farmer.

But the New Dealers have already made a step in the direction of government granaries through the corn loans. And I believe that government granaries built out in the great grain-producing counties, buying and selling at fair prices, could yield both farmers and town-folks real good without cost to the government.

A granary, operated by the government, could store and hold for future emergency, a year's, maybe two years', supply of wheat and corn and small grain. That would ward off market-clogging surpluses. Surplus grains could be bought up during good years at fair and staple prices based on proven averages rather than future estimates, then sold out as demand required, allowing the government only a reasonable handling charge.

I believe the notion would protect both growers and consumers of crops. It would give new surety to farm credit. It would keep livestock holdings steady and dependable and whittle down the need of farm indebtedness.

I may be wrong. But I believe real farm history stands behind the idea.

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Habsburgs on the Horizon

By Virginia Creed

Who predicts restoration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy

It is exactly thirteen years since a guard of British officers escorted the last reigning Habsburg onto a river steamer and hurried him down the Danube to his premature death at Madeira. After the failure of the two Hungarian attempts at restoration the world thought it had seen the last of the line that had dominated Middle Europe since the dim days after the first Rudolf came riding out of Switzerland. Karl I, last Emperor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, was a well-intentioned young man of progressive tendencies, but time had defeated him. If it is true that his predecessor, Franz Joseph, came into power too soon, it is equally true that Karl succeeded to the throne too late. Franz Joseph, while yet a stripling, had been committed to reactionary errors of government from which, for him at least, there was no retreat. His senility helped to precipitate the World War. Karl, therefore, inherited a chaos built upon sixty-eight years of blunders resulting from the limitations of his uncle and his uncle's ministers. The dissolution of the Empire had reached such a stage that the new Emperor's attempts to conclude a peace and salvage a few states were alike foreordained to failure. Peculiarly enough, however, Karl's two abortive attempts to return to the throne were based not only upon dynastic self-preservation, but also upon an honest conviction that the Danube peoples could be better governed by a constitutional monarchy than under the provisions of the brutal treaties then in the making.

After over two decades of costly experiment in foisting other forms of government upon Central Europe, many are now forced to the conclusion that the last Habsburg understood his erstwhile subjects somewhat better than any of the agencies which have subsequently attempted to manage their affairs. It now begins to appear that for Austria and Hungary at least there exists no bloodless alternative to hailing Karl's young son, Otto, from his studies at Louvain and reinstating him, today or tomorrow, upon the throne of his ancestors.

The substitution of dictatorship for democracy, the Socialist holocaust of February, the badly coördinated coup of the Nazis, the tragic assassination of the Chancellor are all chapters in a saga of failure. As late as 1929 no less an authority than Professor Joseph Redlich made the remark that "democracy has never succeeded in continental Europe." From the vantage point of a country where comparative freedom is still an accepted concept of life, we are apt to

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overlook the fact that in very few cases have the countries of Central Europe had any real liberty upon which to rear democratic forms of government. To the successful operation of a democracy in its early stages three conditions are indispensable: a people who have freely selected their government, virile leaders and adequate economic resources. Austria boasted none of these. Democracy was forced by ill-advised Allied commissions upon a people emerging from the restraints of one of the most reactionary governments in Europe. They were totally lacking in parliamentary experience. The best citizens were so demoralized by defeat that, with the possible exception of Seipel, no decisive leaders appeared. Of her economic condition nothing need be said here. It was and still is hopeless.

Socialism had no lasting hold except upon Vienna where it quickly became a class domination. Its collapse has been complete and was inevitable.

Out of the Austrian-Nazi-Fascist-*Heimwehr* struggle two indisputable facts have long emerged. The tremendous spread of Nazism in Austria is in itself sufficient evidence that the Austrian people will never tolerate an Italian domination, a circumstance which has hitherto hindered the prospects of restoration, since Zita, Otto's mother, was an Italian princess. The European powers, however, will not permit Austria to join her blood brother, Germany. This impasse plus a gradual weakening in the Succession States of opposition to restoration is steadily and surely setting both Austria and Hungary upon a path that leads directly to a throne.

II

No understanding of the implications involved in a restoration is possible without a consideration of the advantages accruing both to European peace and to the condition of the Austrian people by its execution; an understanding of the obstacles thereto and their tendency to disappear under the pressure of recent events; a glimpse at the character of the pretender, Otto von Habsburg; a surmise as to time and probable manner of effecting a reinstatement of the Habsburgs; and a realization of the wisdom of setting up a monarchy in Europe as it is today.

The advantages of restoration include the non-partisan nature of monarchical government in a region wracked by factional strife, the non-militaristic leanings of the Habsburg family operating in an era dominated by the fear of general European war, a guarantee of Austrian independence by virtue of dynastic considerations, and an implied union between Austria and Hungary, with a consequent lessening of some of the economic pressure under which both countries are now laboring.

No coalition government is now possible in Austria, for the Nazi-Fascist conflict is not concerned with domestic issues but with the foreign question as to whether Italy or Germany will have the ascendency in Vienna. It is obvious that both factions can not win, and that compromise is impossible. Coalition government, however, is not impossible for a monarch, who, holding his powers for life and on a hereditary basis, is at liberty to conciliate several warring parties. Even so conservative a monarch as Franz Joseph did so frequently, admitting to his later cabinets men who had engaged in life-long party and racial feuds. It is worthy of note here also that, whereas a dictator with a large majority pitted against him can not permit free franchise, a monarch for whom the

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defeat of any measure does not mean his fall from power can afford greater magnanimity.

Internationally the existence of a Habsburg in Vienna is a guarantee to France, Italy and the Little Entente that *Anschluss* with Germany will not occur. On the other hand, while dynastic considerations preclude both *Anschluss* and a controlling interest by any foreign power, they do not prohibit favorable economic treaties with two or more powers.

Austrian independence means at least a longer period of peace for Europe. Despite a popular fallacy existing abroad, the later Habsburgs were never blatantly militaristic. The majority of their more important crown domains were acquired not by conquest but by adroit diplomatic maneuverings and by judicious royal matches. When the young Archduke Franzi became Emperor in the midst of the revolutions of 1848, he profoundly shocked both the Vienna court and the peoples of the empire by taking an active interest in military affairs. The Austrian tendency to prefer the more delicate arts of living to martial pursuits is evidenced by the fact that the entire generation of army officers who were men of advanced years when Franz Ferdinand was shot at Sarajevo had seen practically no active service. Military careers for them had meant drilling border recruits, strengthening border defenses and constructing bridges and railway lines. It is felt in Europe at the moment that there could be worse things than having a member of a family with such non-aggressive leanings controlling a strategic position in its centre.

The union of Austria and Hungary is nearer today than it has been since the War separated the two. Their differences, though heated as such quarrels invariably are, were in the nature of family feuds. In 1848, Haynau, a neurotic general in the employ of Franz Joseph, avenged the Hungarian thrust for liberty with a baptism of blood known as "The Bloody Assize of Arad." Hundreds of Hungarian officers, nobles and patriots perished, an outrage that Hungary never forgot and which Franz Joseph never succeeded in living down. Although his later reign was marked, because of his wife's affection for the Magyars, by concessions to the Magyar nobility and people, nevertheless Hungary shouted longest and loudest with joy when the Habsburg yoke was removed in 1918. Stripped of her lumber and her mines, however, Hungary has been bankrupt since the War. For long she has been toying with the idea of recalling her old masters. The question of scrapping democracy does not affect Hungary in the least. Democracy has never scratched the surface of feudal Hungary. Communism was violently extirpated from Magyar soil immediately after the War. Magyar nobles have supported Karl's family in exile; the Budapest Diet has very carefully avoided altering the constitution that calls for a king and has nervously shied away from all attempts to create a Magyar king; great care has been exercised to preserve intact the sanctity of St. Stephen's crown; the Prime Minister veered from his royalist tendencies only when the international situation made a shifting of colors essential, and it is believed that Horthy expelled Karl only because the method of the attempted coup offended the fierce Magyar pride and threatened foreign war. Today Horthy speaks against monarchy without conviction. There are many who see advantages in a Viennese market for

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Hungarian agricultural products and who desire the right to import Austrian manufactured products freely into Hungary. The substitution of these articles has disrupted both the economic and social structure of the Magyar state. In any case the problem in Hungary has never been one of whether or not to recall the Habsburgs, but rather of when to recall them and how. It was thought that Otto would return first as King of Hungary, becoming afterwards Emperor of Austria. He may still do so, although the Magyars are not as insistent upon this point as of yore. In Budapest today the word is going about that the time has arrived.

III

The more tangible obstacles that have impeded monarchist machinations to date were many. Large factions within Austria were afraid of the "clique" (the old aristocratic group), or were unwilling to support large parasitic groups of Habsburg cousins, second cousins, aunts, uncles and in-laws. (Franz Joseph was notoriously thrifty but some of the members of his family were more prodigal at public expense.) They abhorred clericalism, which the Habsburgs since Joseph the second have fostered. The Nazis wanted nothing less than outright union with Germany. The Fascist *Heimwehr* and the large bulk of the monarchist party were wary of premature restoration. The ex-Empress Zita would accept for her son nothing short of absolutism, which it was felt in yesterday's Europe was obsolete. Otto and his adviser, Count Degenfeld, were afraid of prejudicing the Prince's chances of dominating a Danube hegemony by returning him as King of little Austria.

Outside of Austria the objections were even more formidable. The Little Entente would listen to all French advice until the dread word "Habsburg" was broached. Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania recoiled hysterically from it. Incidentally, guilty conscience rather than any memory of ancient wrongs created this nervousness. Poland, once very unjustly made part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, evinced no concern over the matter, for the very good reason that Poland is very nearly a racially homogeneous country. The plain fact regarding the countries of the Little Entente is that they fall far short in every case of being monuments of true self-determination. Czechoslovakia possesses indispensable Austro-German minorities; Rumania includes the German-Magyar peoples of Transylvania; Jugoslavia's Croatian population has been in the course of centuries so thoroughly Austrianized that it constitutes a thorn in Serbian flesh. These suppressed minorities, it was rightly feared in Prague, Bucharest and Belgrade, would flock clamorously to the Habsburg colors. If the countries in question were racially homogeneous no king in Budapest nor emperor in Vienna could in the least affect them. An amusing sidelight of the recent tendencies toward *Anschluss* or restoration is seen in Czechoslovakia where the Bohemians have suddenly discovered a great interest in their forgotten man—the economically indispensable German.

The Austrian and Hungarian monarchists in the face of the above obstacles agitated when and where they could. They were benignly regarded as sentimentalists, since it was felt their cause did not partake of the nature of reality. Doggedly they waited. And recent history is now engaged in frantically playing into their hands, as a glimpse at the

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manner in which objections have been fading away like mirages in the past months illustrates. Let us consider the effect of this process upon the Austrian population with its various factions and upon the great powers and the Little Entente.

IV

For the Austrian people an era that opened with starvation and is drawing to a close in bloodshed has made the faults of the pre-War government pale to insignificance while it has magnified the virtues of that older and happier day. True, the Habsburgs spent a great amount of public money upon private pleasures, but, the people recall, they also expended vast sums upon schools, museums, parks and other public facilities that were accessible to every one. The Socialist Government that succeeded them, however, not only spent a large fortune garnered from the taxes of the impoverished bourgeoisie upon costly if admirable housing projects, but excluded the same bourgeoisie from the enjoyment thereof. Every error of inefficiency possible to inexperienced governments has been perpetrated by one or another of the parties that have striven against overwhelming odds to manage Austrian affairs since St. Germain and Versailles. The people are paupers, Vienna has lost much of her gaiety, nobody is in any sense of the word free. Whatever the faults of the monarchy, its administrative bureaucracy was diligent, efficient and honest, and it did not meddle with the private lives of the citizenry.

Without censuring any party for a situation that has proven well-nigh unavoidable, it is nevertheless a fact that the rank and file of the Austrian people, confronted with a censored press, subjected to arbitrary imprisonments and arbitrary searches without warrant, threatened with the confiscation of their homes if they belonged even passively to any but the reigning party, feel as though they are oppressed by tyrants far more uncompromising than any Habsburg ever dared to be. In the old days, about which most Austrians are unresentfully nostalgic, the emperors were accessible to the most humble peasant. Such details do not affect the current of political thought, but they are remembered long; so the thousands of incidents illustrating the benevolence of Karl, Franz Joseph and their predecessors are being passed from lip to ear with great effect.

As for the defeated and discouraged Austrian Nazis, it is thought that they now see more clearly than hitherto that *Der Führer* is not and may not for some time be in a position to come to their assistance. It is perhaps natural that they should prefer political recognition and some participation in the government to the annihilation that awaits them if Italian domination of Austria continues. One can not annihilate the majority of a people, but one can by force of superior arms police them into sullen quietude. That quietude will, it is true, frequently be shattered by bloodshed of a futile nature. A Habsburg would eventually recognize a pro-German party, for the Habsburgs down to the last days of their power designated themselves as "German princes." Furthermore, such princes are in a far more advantageous position to effect treaties with a more settled Germany than is a government resolutely bent upon pretending that Austrians and Germans have nothing in common. It might even be done without alienating Italy. At any rate Munich is astir with suggestions that perhaps it is the only

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solution. The Austrian Legion is not as stiffly set against Otto as it was before the failure of the recent coup and the suppression of the radical element in the German Nazi group that was the mainstay of the Austrian agitation and propaganda campaigns.

International forces are likewise listening more receptively to the monarchists' plans; France has always favored restoration; Britain is not averse to it. It has always, however, been in Paris that the ex-Empress Zita found the most attentive ears when she made her periodic trips around Europe on behalf of her son's then hopeless cause. France has hesitated out of respect for her satellite states on the Danube. They, however, are weakening since a more formidable danger now menaces them. Czechoslovakia does not desire the return of the Habsburgs, but she prefers that return to a German Austria which would encircle her German populations, foreshadowing their ultimate defection and her dissolution. In Jugoslavia the same situation obtains, only there Italy is the menace. At the present writing it will probably take only one or two more appearances of the Italian fleet in the Adriatic, further massing of troops along the various borders and some persuasion by French agents to win the consent of the Little Entente to Otto's reinstatement.

Hiler's precarious diplomatic position is now such that he will doubtless agree to any move advocated by the Powers which is destined to improve his status. He can not have Austria without war; consequently he has nothing to lose and probably something to gain by having in Vienna "a German prince" with whom he may at some future date come to terms. Mussolini, on the other hand, is wary. He could hardly expect the docility from Otto von Habsburg which he received at least overtly from Engelbert Dollfuss. Italy, however, can not carry indefinitely Austria's financial burden. Funds are no longer plentiful south of the Brenner. Nor can Italy expect assistance or even approval in event of actual military intervention in Austria's internal affairs. Jugoslavia has served what is a virtual ultimatum upon Italy; Jugoslavia has at the moment the choice of either French or German support for any cause she desires to sponsor. War would prove just as disastrous to Italy at present as to any of the other countries now busy averting it. Thus it is that Mussolini, firmly entrenched upon the Tyrolean and Jugoslav borders, can not afford to move an inch over either. Italy will never hold Austria for long without actual military occupation. Losing means that Germany will get it. *Il Duce* may presently come to consider the Habsburgs as a convenient alternative to either move. His hesitation is doubtless partly based upon the decisive and entirely too liberal character of the pretender to the Austrian throne—too liberal, that is, from a dictator's point of view.

V

In this crucial moment for European stability and Austrian security almost everything depends upon the personality of the young would-be king. Otto von Habsburg was six years of age when revolution and military defeat drove his family into exile. He saw his father's hair turn white in those three last days at Schönbrunn. The exile in Switzerland and upon miasmic Madeira was marked by privation and sorrow. Karl died at Madeira for much the same reasons that Napoleon perished at St. Helena; the climate plus the treatment he received were not conducive to longevity. The

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subsequent vicissitudes of his large family, of which Otto, who was twelve when his father died, is the eldest, were such as to bring the heir to the pretensions of empire into close touch with the starker realities of life. Stripped of their private property, forbidden to enter their native land, the family were in dire straits until first their cousin King Alphonso and later the Magyar and Austrian aristocracy came to their rescue.

Physically and mentally well-endowed, Otto received a type of liberal education which would have been totally impossible for his predecessors. Louvain is a university noted for the impartiality of its teachings. There Otto has studied languages, for which his family has always had an aptitude, and political science. For the study of the latter topic he has had a changing and troubled Europe as his observation laboratory. Furthermore, he has had ample time in which to study the advantages and disadvantages of the hoary tradition he inherited. Judging from the results, he has managed with insight beyond his years to condemn the policies of his ancestors wherever they erred upon the side of reaction. Certain letters now in existence in the hands of the aristocrats to which they were sent mark Otto as a liberal progressive prince unequivocably committed to constitutional-democratic monarchy. Aristocrats who do not approve of any monarchy less than absolutism discount his views on the grounds that he is only a boy. The Archduke Franzi was likewise only a boy until he ascended the throne as Emperor Franz Joseph, whereupon he immediately became Emperor in fact and managed to impress his unfortunately reactionary views upon liberal ministries to their sorrow. It would be ironical indeed to find his nephew reversing the process.

From sad experience the Austrian people live in mortal terror of an emperor who is in danger of maternal domination. For a long time it was feared that if Otto returned, his mother the ex-Empress Zita would be the Emperor in fact. The stern rule of the Archduchess Sophia through the medium of her son Franzi still rankles in the Austrian memory. Many are yet alive who felt her iron hand. In fact even today in Austria a nagging, overbearing woman is dubbed "*boese Sopherl*," which translated freely means "evil Sophy." With Otto the danger is becoming remote. Those in close contact with his household hint that he has already cut the maternal apron-strings decisively.

His extreme youth has proven a handicap to Otto, inasmuch as it presupposes great importance in the rôles played by his advisers. Since they abhor publicity, little is known of any of them save Count Degenfeld, whose well-balanced sanity is evidenced by the fact that he has stood solidly against Otto's return to a country either unwilling or unready to receive him, and has done so even in the face of repeated fanatical pressure. Degenfeld will not of course commit himself at the moment, but he is busier than he has been for years. One circumstance about him is undeniable. He is a patriot devoted body and soul to the Habsburg cause. Thus far he has proven above factional considerations. It is rumored that his detachment from sentimentality has more than once tempered Zita's naturally heated zeal.

VI

In speculations of this nature it is impossible to be definite regarding the time element. It is certain, however, that the handwriting is on the wall. Last year Austria openly began her preparations

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for restoration. The opponents within Austria have long been warning their followers that "restoration is not about to take place, it is slowly, surely, insidiously taking place while we quarrel about other issues." Hungary, of course, needed no encouragement other than an auspicious turn of European affairs to convince the Magyar nobles that open action would be safe. They apparently now feel that conditions favor their cause. Within Austria the proposal to restore the private family property to the Habsburgs was followed at once by notices served upon the tenants occupying the apartments constructed from the suites of the Vienna palace, the Hofburg. Their leases will not be renewed. The formal restoration of his private property and an invitation to return to his native land as a private citizen may reach Otto at any time. He, of course, may refuse, pending developments, since the Magyars are opposed to his returning except as Emperor. The Austrian army uniforms have been changed to the old imperial style; the imperial names of regiments have been restored. Titles, although not formally permitted, are once more being generally used. Archduke Eugene, idol of Tyrol whose front he held during the War, has been welcomed back. Some felt upon that occasion that Miklas, retiring, would pass over the reins of government to Eugene, the Hindenburg of Austria, but that is dubious for the family feels that it would be an error to invest any but the rightful heir, upon whose lineal claims no reflections can be cast, with office. The gradual incursion of monarchists into government posts has been going on for a long time, but it reached its climax with the appointment of Schuschnigg to the chancellorship. He, of all men in Austria, has been the most decisively and consistently monarchist through all the post-War shiftings.

There are two alternatives of method possible for the execution of actual open restoration. One is a military coup effected by combined Austro-Hungarian forces. The *Heimwehr*, led by Starhemberg, financed by monarchists and intensely Catholic, has been ready for years. The Hungarian forces are likewise at the pretender's disposal. The unofficial Catholic army in Austria would doubtless spring at once to the support of a Catholic ruler. Its strength is unknown at present, but in a country ninety per cent Catholic it may be considerable. Practically every one involved, however, including Otto himself, is opposed to bloodshed or the use of armed force. Vienna has seen far too much civil war already.

Military action is scarcely necessary. The constitution promulgated last spring, although from an American point of view it may seem to be no constitution at all, was certainly devised to make a peaceful monarchical coup simple. Aside from the comparatively modern feature of a corporate state system, this document reads, with a few trivial changes, exactly like the one drafted by Prince Schwarzenberg and promulgated by the young Franz Joseph after the revolutions of 1848. Schwarzenberg's constitution, which was incidentally conceived in a spirit other than that which marked it when it reached publication, was probably the most flagrant piece of hypocrisy ever foisted upon an unsuspecting people. Austria's position today makes pretense quite unnecessary. With the removal of the word "republic" from the country's title and the creation of provisional powers concentrated in the hands of the head of the state, even sham democracy disappeared from

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Austria. The head of the Austrian government, theoretically the president and the chancellor combined, but actually, except in emergencies, the chancellor, is to use the present constitution only as long as he pleases. He can alter it at will. Franz Joseph was given precisely the same prerogative which he used freely thereafter. Popular vote is to be permitted only when the government feels a necessity for testing public opinion. The four legislative groups are in no case elected by direct franchise, are in effect under the chancellor's control, and may not initiate legislation. The president and chancellor alone select the cabinets who are responsible only to the president and chancellor. Since Miklas has proven important only when there was no chancellor, since the Chancellor is now a monarchist, the course of events is fairly obvious. The Chancellor or President has only to turn over the reins of the government, which he is constitutionally empowered to do, to Otto, who will then have concentrated in his hands, without any constitutional alterations whatsoever, a degree of absolutism which would satisfy even the most rabid legitimist, would delight his mother and doubtless even satisfy his uncle, Franz Joseph. The monarchists beyond any doubt had a hand in drafting that constitution. It is to be doubted if it can be considered original writing since some of the sentences sound suspiciously as though they were lifted bodily from the Schwarzenberg-Stadion document of 'Forty-eight. The divine right of kings is even dragged forth at long last in the clause which states that the right to rule emanates from God, implying that it does not emanate from the people.

Such a constitution would not satisfy Otto, but that is of no account, since neither would it satisfy the citizenry for long, and was intended more as a *modus operandi* than as a concept of government to be used henceforth for the administration of the people's affairs. Its clauses granting the power of revisions plus power of ministerial selection and legislative control mark it simply as a means of bloodless reversion to the old régime.

Since considerable political maneuvering in the lower Danube, in France, Czechoslovakia and Italy is the necessary preliminary of this reversion, and since at the present writing it is hard to judge how far this diplomatic maneuvering has progressed it can only be said that restoration is probably not a matter that will require years. There are still one or two concrete obstacles in Otto's way. Italy, for instance, must be assured of a neutral tone in the Habsburg Government. Nevertheless with the approaching retirement of Miklas an excellent opportunity for a coup will present itself. Whether Otto and his advisers will care to risk much upon immediate action is a matter yet in the balance. Barring a European upheaval, or a radical shift in the present line-up of powers, the attempt will probably be made. The omens are very favorable for its success.

As to the immediate benefits to the Austrian populace, little need be said. They want peace without conquest, and monarchy promises them that. Judging progress in a broader way, the return of the Habsburgs can not but be viewed from this safe side of the Atlantic as a reversion. Monarchy, however, is a condition tremendously to be preferred to anarchy, and a reversion to a benevolent despotism is a much happier matter than a reversion to despotisms not so benevolent, such as seem to be prevalent in Europe today.

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Professors Put to the Test

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

The national examining board in November is likely to be dissatisfied with the Brain Trust's work so far, but the professors may not deserve dismissal

When Herbert Hoover turned over to Franklin Roosevelt the keys of the White House on March 4, 1933, his Brain Trust, already famous, shared spotlight honors with the incoming Chief Executive. Its nucleus was the small group whom Mr. Roosevelt as Democratic candidate had called to his elbow during the campaign to assist him in preparing his speeches, and framing his policies. After his inauguration the group was greatly enlarged as bright young men from university and college faculties came to Washington, by invitation, as co-architects of the New Deal, a social revolution of which there was little hint in the 1932 Democratic platform. A nation which applauded the Chief Executive for his vigor of action and the boldness of his attack on the disintegrating forces of the depression, also commended him for drafting scholars both as advisers of the new Administration, and as directors of the gigantic effort, through Federal leadership, to rebuild the foundations of American society. Here, people said, was convincing evidence that Mr. Roosevelt proposed to run the government far more intelligently than any of his predecessors. For had he not surrounded himself with the best brains in the country, experts in all its economic problems, physicians who knew just what to prescribe for each of its various ailments?

The Brain Trust, prodigiously publicized, has had no rivals on the Washington stage but the President himself. And except for some practical politicians, a few realists, and the Tories—to all of whom the gold at the other end of the rainbow was nothing but a mirage—the Brain Trust, during the first year of the Roosevelt Administration, rode high on the wave of popular confidence. To the man on the street "Brain Trust" connoted rain-makers, and miracle-workers. The "college boys," he was sure, had prosperity in their vest pockets.

Now the New Deal faces its initial test at the polls. Public psychology, as changeable as April weather, has seldom shown a sharper reversal than in its attitude toward the Brain Trust. Gone is the popular belief in the infallibility of its prescriptions. Not only has faith been shattered in the omniscience of the professors, but during the past few months, particularly since the adjournment of Congress, the Brain Trust, or more ac-

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curately that radical segment chiefly responsible for the so called "reforms" of the New Deal, is becoming a political liability rather than a gilt-edged asset for the national Administration. The Republican opposition—and the G. O. P. strategists keep their ears pretty close to the ground—will use "Brain Trust Government" as a target for some of their heaviest artillery. Nor is the attack exclusively partisan in its composition. It was not the G. O. P., but four Democratic Senators who contributed the major assaults on the nomination of Rexford Tugwell, number one Brain Truster, as Undersecretary of Agriculture. The four Democratic horsemen were Smith of South Carolina, Byrd of Virginia, Bailey of North Carolina and Gore of Oklahoma.

II

Yet Nature, not the hostile politicians, turned the scales. Perhaps the most "radical" part of the New Deal programme was the plan conceived by M. L. Wilson, Rexford Tugwell and Secretary Wallace, and others, to solve the problem of agricultural overproduction through the ingenious device of paying a bounty to farmers for curtailing production, and destroying the excess of pigs, cotton and grains. As this programme was in full swing, and the coöperation of the farmers secured through a huge advertising and ballyhoo campaign, Nature laid low the Corn Belt by the most devastating drought from which the area has ever suffered. The scorching sun and long rainless weeks made the mid-continent area a veritable inferno. The drought killed cattle by the tens of thousands, burned up crops that would have fed an empire, and reduced an untold number of farmers to destitution and a dependence on Federal or other relief that may continue through the winter and into the next harvest season. As the Corn Belt surveyed the ruins and the blasting of its hopes for the 1934 harvest, its thoughts went back to the slaughtered pigs, and the crops taken out of cultivation by the AAA. Was not this Nature's answer to the theories of the Washington professors?

Two fundamental traits of the American farmer are his individuality and his piety. The AAA collided head on with both. From the days of the frontier, when his ax carved a home for himself and his family out of the virgin wilderness, down to the present, the typical American farmer wants to run his own show. He brooks easily neither interference nor dictation, and the AAA does both. And whereas city folk, under the lure of the bright lights of the motion pictures and the hundred and one distractions of our large centres of population, give but meagre support to the church, out in the open country religion is still a potent force, and the faith of the fathers strong. A cardinal tenet in the faith handed down by the fathers is the belief that those who violate its laws bring upon themselves the wrath of Nature. And the arguments of Brain Trusters like Dr. Tugwell to the contrary, thousands of good Americans in the Corn Belt see the drought as a visitation of Nature because, by ploughing up their lands, destroying crops, and sending pigs to slaughter, they violated the injunction learned on their mothers' knees that "wilful waste makes woeful want."

This is but part of the story. For the drought has not only raised doubts as to the soundness of the Brain Trust's experiments, but it raises other questions, equally important for their bearing on

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contemporary politics. The drought may hit the city man in his most susceptible spot—his stomach. Already Secretary Wallace, whose genuine sincerity and idealism no one questions, has admitted that it has virtually wiped out the surplus which for so many years has hung over American agriculture like a sword of Damocles, and tells us, quite frankly, that the country may expect higher prices for food this winter. Agricultural production will be the smallest in thirty years, and there are 50,000,000 more mouths to feed than there were at the turn of the century. If prices become too high this winter, if the scourge of profiteering smites us, the many millions of Americans who today are hard-pressed to find the wherewithal to feed their families may before many months feel the pinch of actual want. And other millions, a little better off financially, will not take with a cheer a sharp rise in the price of household necessities, particularly when they remember the huge destructions of foodstuffs during the past year, and the vast curtailment in agricultural acreage. Conceived by the Brain Trust, and sold by them to the President and Congress, the AAA experiment, as the autumn leaves begin to turn, stands out, thanks to the vagaries of Nature, as one of the biggest on the New Deal's increasing list of political liabilities.

III

The attempt to circumvent Nature by controlling production is not the only major blunder of the Brain Trusters who have been so largely responsible for the New Deal "reforms." A blunder which promises to have results quite as far-reaching is the failure to set proper store on the profit motive as one of the dynamos of American prosperity. Industrial enterprise depends not only on the hope and possibility of profits, but also on the assurance that if profits come to a business concern the government will not take them all away from those who have invested their money, their brains and their time therein. Run through the statements of leading exponents of New Deal philosophy from President Roosevelt down and you will find a general tendency to minimize the profit motive, and to paint the old order as one of unredeemed vice. In his speech at Green River, Wisconsin, in August President Roosevelt spoke of the pre-New Deal era as one in which the "old law of the tooth and the claw" had reigned—as though the country had gained no benefits from the enterprise of the industrialists who had developed its resources, endowed its universities, hospitals, scientific institutions and art galleries, and whose efforts, largely motivated by the hope of profits, built a civilization that gave to the average American a higher standard of living than that enjoyed by citizens of any other large country. The Brain Trust's attitude toward profits, its prejudices against the old order—note Dr. Tugwell's phrase about "economic cannibalism"—seem a little strange when we bear in mind that most Brain Trusters were recruited from universities which provided them with opportunities for scholarly endeavor largely as a result of endowments by men who had made fortunes in American business. Note also the bitterness against business and its invitation to class warfare, which we find in one of Dr. Tugwell's recent speeches. "If you weigh the low-paid, disciplined, and devoted officials who are helping to administer this New Deal against the hordes of high-salaried vice-presidents, bond salesmen, stock brokers, invest-

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ment bankers and their numerous employes, you will conclude that the New Deal would have to cost society a great deal more than it will ever do before it becomes as great a burden on the community as was the army and camp followers of those whom President Roosevelt has called the money changers."

Coming down to cases, the classic example of Brain Trust disregard of the place of profit motive in American society, and the essential part that enterprise plays in creating employment and maintaining a high standard of American living was the so-called Securities Act. No one will deny that flagrant abuses had existed in the world of private finance. Abuses will be found in the New Deal also—CWA graft, the spoils system and so on. In order to effect the necessary reform, certain members of the Brain Trust drafted a securities bill so punitive in its provisions that, if placed on the statute books, it would have paralyzed the capital market, dried up the sources of private credit and imposed hazards and risks on honest operators too great to warrant their continuing in business. The Brain Trust so obviously had overreached itself in the enthusiasm for reform that Congress, though still under its spell, insisted on some important modifications before it sent the measure to the President. The stock market control bill developed somewhat the same situation, and here again drastic revisions were necessary before the measure became law. Even in their modified forms, both the securities and stock market control bills have operated as brakes on recovery, and as such tend to neutralize some of the undoubted economic gains to the country which have accrued from certain elements of the President's programme. A proper recognition of the profit motive would have speeded recovery by encouraging honest enterprise, and removing uncertainty, and more than this, would have saved the Administration from losing the support of so many business men and others who now wonder whether, under the philosophy of the Washington planners, they will at any time in the near future be permitted profits. The support of both business men and the financial community is essential to the success of the new housing plan, and to the Treasury's borrowing programme. And unless business can begin to make money again, it will not provide the Government with the taxes which are counted on to finance the Roosevelt recovery projects. Disregard of the profit motive, therefore, and the Brain Trust's flippant notions about business and its place in American prosperity have had repercussions which tend to defeat many of the declared objectives of the New Deal.

IV

Ignorance of American psychology explains in part why the Brain Trusters, on several occasions, have steered the Administration into shoal waters. The academic life has many virtues, but the environment is not one that enables the average college professor to know at first hand the realities of practical politics. A barrier, not easily climbed, separates the university and the market place. Few professors have spent even a year in non-academic work. Granted the idealism of the academician, his intellectual honesty, and his zeal to follow the light as he sees it, to administer the affairs of a nation so sectionalized, and with a population so diversified, requires a *Realpolitik* not often found in a college professor. It was Borah, hard-

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headed politician, and not the occupant of a university chair, who caught the ear of the country on the insidious perils of government bureaucracy, and it is Borah, not the AAA theorists, who strikes the popular bell when in referring to crop reduction, he says, "This destruction of things for which millions stand in need is economically unsound and comes close to being immoral."

Then, too, apart from the failure to make its programme square with popular psychology, the Brain Trust, in the utterances of some of its top members, has caused real apprehensions in many minds. The "plain people," in substantial numbers, parlor reds notwithstanding, still entertain a wholesome reverence for the Constitution, and the American institutions of government. A planned and regimented society, either on the Russian or any other model, creates small interest, and even less enthusiasm. It is not so much a fear of anything that has yet been done as an apprehension that the Brain Trust has its biggest surprises still up its sleeve. What are the termini of the New Deal programme, in brief, and what is its ultimate objective in terms of the America we know? Opera bouffe performance though it was, the investigation of Dr. William A. Wirt, Gary educator, had more than an ephemeral significance. For back of the inquiry were the doubts of many people as to the goal of the Washington planners. The investigation gave no answer to the question at issue, namely the real objective of the Brain Trusters. Meanwhile, popular apprehension still persists.

Like any other group in power, the Brain Trust grows increasingly intolerant of criticism. This also weakens it in public estimation. In a moment of intellectual Hitlerism, Dr. Tugwell intimates that those opposed to the New Deal theories must for that very reason be regarded as unpatriotic. The Brain Trust apparently sees no room for an honest difference of opinion, both as to the wisdom of the policies of the national Administration, and the essential soundness of the New Deal itself. In fact, for its super-salesmen, the New Deal has become a religion. To illustrate this intolerance, we have only to recall the fate of Professor Oliver M. W. Sprague of Harvard, rated as one of the world's foremost monetary experts. Brought into the Treasury by the President as technical adviser to the Secretary, Sprague, who saw with mounting disquietude and alarm the unfolding of the monetary policies of the Administration, found himself out of the picture, his counsel spurned, denied the ear of the President. So he finally resigned, giving through the press his critique of New Deal policies. Nor was Sprague an isolated case. Even in public life it is easy to find competent scholars who will rank among the strongest critics of the Frankfurter radicals, men such as Charles M. Bakewell, formerly professor of philosophy at Yale, and A. Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts, a former Harvard economist and assistant secretary of the Treasury, now a member of the House from Massachusetts. Other academicians could be cited of equal professional standing to any brought to Washington by President Roosevelt who believe that many of the Washington experiments, the lavish expenditures, the disregard for sound budgetary principles and the huge Federal bureaucracy now establishing itself in Washington will inevitably bring the country to a day of reckoning, if not of grief.

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V

Notwithstanding certain Brain Trust blunders, President Roosevelt deserves credit for recognizing the need for experts, and thanks to him, the theory and practice of politics should henceforth be brought closer together. This is all to the good. In their fierce hunt of material prosperity, the American people have been quite content to leave their public business in the hands of the professional politicians and the plunderers who have so often been their allies. Yet government has been one of the favorite subjects in the college curriculums. In a thousand American universities learned professors conduct their students through classes in political science, from Aristotle and Plato to Rousseau, Hobbes, Mills and the many theorists of our day.

Although few courses of study are more popular than those in government and comparative politics, they provide the schooling for precious few politicians. Diploma in hand, the young graduate who has majored in politics, and perhaps won honors therein, joins the bond-selling brigade, or enters his father's factory—perhaps, if he has plenty of money, begins to play polo. Political science may remain as a pleasant memory, but one that has no bearing on the main business of life. Learned in the sayings of the classical political philosophers, and well documented in the fine points of every theory, the professors themselves, except for an occasional slumming party, steer clear of the haunts of the practical politicians. Better the delights of Montesquieu and Plato, by the sequestrated ease of the study fire, than the rough company of the professional "pols" as they pick the candidates and write the platforms. Army commanders leading troops in the field apply the principles of strategy and command that they learned at Leavenworth or the Ecole de Guerre, lawyers, architects and engineers apply in earning their daily bread the lessons they learned in professional schools. Only in politics does the student leave its practice to those who have never studied the textbooks, the professionals who have graduated from the school of war and saloon politics, and who after long and arduous apprenticeship have become bosses in their own right, and the masters of city, State and national parties. Yet the university has a real contribution to make to government.

The professor must nevertheless look to the Garners, the Snells, the Robinsons and the Coolidges for guidance in the technique of *Realpolitik*. His prescriptions must be checked not only by those familiar with the political psychology of the American people, but also by intelligent business men who understand our complicated economic mechanism by daily contact and not merely through textbook knowledge. Otherwise the academician, in his passion for experimentation and his flair for reform, will overreach himself. Here is where Brain Trust government has fallen down during the past eighteen months. Congress has been a rubber stamp, approving Brain Trust projects without careful analysis and check, and New Dealers up to date have shown little disposition to enlist the counsel of practical business men. But the theorist may give dangerous advice, as well as the counsel of perfection. If President Roosevelt erred, it was not in calling scholars to Washington, but in permitting the Brain Trust to make too bold and revolutionary an experimentation in times of depression.

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Strong Arm Economics

By Samuel Lubell

A comparison of the economic techniques of Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini

Despite the talk of "cannibalism," *laissez-faire* is a mild sort of economics. In sharp contrast, the economics of the new era that is captivating the world bears unmistakable traces of the strong arm. Let us leave the New Deal out of this—it lacks the punch—and devote our attention to Italy, Germany and Soviet Russia where when the big chief says, "Let him have it, boys," he gets it. In ideals and in ruling personalities these three dictatorships could hardly present greater contrasts—and that is what makes the similarities in their economic methods all the more significant.

In Italy roughly this is the system: Workers and employers are ranged facing one another in their respective syndicates. Industrial relations are settled by labor contracts, arrived at through collective bargaining and binding as law. Labor is not allowed to strike; capital is not supposed to. Both must forget class differences and work together for the national interest. This "balanced" cooperation is enforced by the state, which claims to be superior to the class struggle, through a disciplining bureaucracy composed of graded syndicates. The entire economic life of the nation, broken down into various productive divisions, is embraced in this bureaucracy, which has been given the fancier name of the Corporate State. Almost all of the bureaucrats are members of the Fascist party and have dedicated their careers to the ideals of a totalitarian state—to passing *Il Duce's* word down the line. In principle property rights and economic gain are respected as the most efficient incentives known to man, but the state reserves the wartime right of intervention or expropriation wherever individual enterprise conflicts with the national interest. The national interest is defined by Mussolini.

Mussolini's system of parallel syndicalism balanced by state corporations was built up carefully through a period of nine years. In about one-fifth that time Hitler achieved a degree of economic regimentation of which *Il Duce* had never dreamed. But the Nazis have done a sloppy job. Step number one was the mystic policy of "coördination" which, in effect, meant wartime conscription of Germany's economic resources. *Führers* for the various divisions of economic life were appointed and the principle of "leadership" proclaimed. In every factory Nazi "cells" replaced the Social Democrat work councils, and linked the entire industrial system to

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the National Socialist party. Good use was made of this link in dispensing jobs to party adherents. Trade unions had been broken up abruptly, and a few months later the parallel Employers Federation also passed out of the picture—peacefully. A new regimented conglomeration, the German Labor Front, was formed of all workers and employers; the Nazis hailing this achievement as meaning that "class and social distinctions have been abolished." To this day the German Labor Front has remained shrouded in deep mystery. All the contradictions and possibilities of the entire Hitler movement seem to be contained in its bureaucratic set-up. And no one knows what it is; no one knows what it is supposed to be.

One of the Labor Front's tasks was to wipe out Marxian class consciousness in a flood of National Socialist propaganda. For that its staff, most of whom had never done a day's work in their lives, were eminently fitted. A second duty was to discipline capital and labor. Now a peculiar thing happened. The dispute between the worker and his employer was taken out of the productive system proper. Of course it wasn't settled. But to one side stood the actual mechanism of production, the technical capital equipment. On the other side capitalists and laborers were hodgepodged in the Labor Front. Their relation to the productive mechanism, the question of profits and wages, was still unsettled, but that uncertainty was not interfering with production! In fact under Nazi pressure industrial output was being stepped up. The old order had suffered a distinct relapse. Workers and employers had been shown that it was possible to operate that productive mechanism without each other's free assistance. The struggle between radicals and reactionaries for dominance of the Labor Front could not be prevented —for an instrument of tremendous power had been forged. For the industrialists to gain control would mean to place in their hands a disciplining force that could enslave the workers to their mercy. If the workers took over the Labor Front the leveling power they would win would permit them to encroach steadily upon capital's preserves. As the situation now stands, however, with both elements battling for control, the weird potentialities of the Labor Front only add to the confusion.

All of Soviet Russia's resources have been nationalized and are being held in trust for future generations by the Communist party. Not a belief in Marxism, but rigid orthodoxy to the party "line" as laid down by the Kremlin clique is the first duty of every Russian Communist. A Communist nucleus in every factory—note the similarity of the Nazi cell—links up the industrial system with the party. The vast network of trade unions that embraces the major portion of the workers is generally subservient to these nuclei, and consequently trade unionism in Russia, as in Italy and Germany, has degenerated into a bureaucratic disciplining of the workers. Every individual, each economic unit in the country, must take part in the "Plan"; every one, everything has its quota and the trick is to work like blazes to beat it. Material rewards, class patriotism and terror provide the incentives. But in the last year the emphasis on blood and thunder has lessened.

II

Whatever the differences in organization and principle, all three systems are distinctly army formations. Not

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alone in the fact that they are controlled by military dictatorships. There is the wartime elevation of the interest of the state above that of the individual or group, and, even in Germany and Italy, a sort of nationalization—in use, if not in legal right. In any of these countries a strike would be considered as a mutiny or desertion, and would be punished as such, and each of the systems has imposed tremendous sacrifices upon the people.

The formations differ. In Italy the tread of marching feet is relaxed as suits the soft Italian temperament. Mussolini dramatically strides along on foot, a mere Corporal of the Guard, one arm linked with capital, the other with labor, impelling them forward by the magic of his personality and the power of his grip. In the Third Reich workers and bosses have been mobilized suddenly, thrust rudely into field gray uniforms, and are being goose-stepped along, *Der Führer* strutting far out in front. In Russia the mass of peasants and workers, intellectuals and kulaks have been swarmed together and Communists with pistols and dog whips drive them on. If the military annals of each country were consulted, much the same sort of army formations would come to light. In their conception of discipline Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin have much in common with Garibaldi, the Kaiser and the Tsar.

But what's all the fighting about? Much of it, of course, is mere showmanship. Domestic troubles are borne more easily if the masses can be excited to fear of other countries. National interests are defined much more simply in times of war. Since the major difficulties of each of these dictatorships were economic how natural to preach the doctrine of economic war, that selfish interests were to be sunk in a common front, that the struggle among nations had grown more intense than the class struggle between workers and employers, that men must cease disputing over wages and profits when international competition had become so bitter. The worst of it all is that their demagogic preachings seem to have come true.

For Mussolini the ideal Italian state would be a self-contained nation, insulated against the shocks of world competition and international fluctuations, "a country of diversified economy, with a strong agriculture, the foundation of all." This ideal condition is to be achieved through the Corporate State, through its disciplining of all productive enterprises, through its guaranteed control of the domestic market for Italian products, through its ability to adjust cost of production and to undersell more individualistic nations, and through the substitution of a single planned head for hundreds of conflicting business men.

A similar dream of a self-contained economically invulnerable Germany haunts Hitler. Through the Nazi *Standestat* Germany was to put her own house into order. Prices, wages, production and consumption were to be balanced with one another and protected against the disruptive influences of international competition by rigid trade barriers. With the home market stabilized, domestic production would be supplemented wherever needed with foreign trade. Thus foreign trade would serve as a stimulant, and not be the life blood of the system. In case of economic emergency, in event of war, both imports and exports could be cut off and the life of the nation would go on. Under privations of course, but never

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again would a foreign blockade bring the proud Reich to her knees.

If this desire for economic invulnerability has been the dream of both Hitler and Mussolini it has been a positive nightmare for the Bolsheviks. The everlessening possibility of World Revolution confronted the Soviets with the horrifying spectacle of dependence upon a capitalist world. In 1928, with the fear of war in the Far East, they could wait no longer. Economic self-sufficiency had to be achieved or they might as well pack away their red banners in moth balls. The laying of an industrial base that would guarantee socialist construction in the future, even in case of war, economic blockade or another intervention, was the goal of the Five Year Plan. Once that was attained production could be tuned to the needs of the masses, imports and exports balancing one another, and with the advantage of being directed by a Plan, they would soon outstrip capitalist countries.

If planned national economies could be waved into existence with a magician's "presto," no one would object. On paper any of these three systems reads much more attractively than a description of the present order of things. But when it comes to the actual boiling-down stage that inspiring paper outline does very little good. Achieving self-sufficiency tends to become a crude Procrustean process, a lopping off here, a bit of a stretch there, in the effort to achieve a balanced economy. More specifically, only one policy presents itself to self-sufficers and that is to stimulate home development, to restrict imports and, if only to provide a comfortable margin to pay off international commitments and to account for mistakes, to stimulate exports—in other words to buy as little and to sell as much as is possible. But import restrictions provoke reprisals, and the political pressure of the internal dislocations caused by government intervention must force those in power to stimulate exports even more feverishly—for a wider margin of safety becomes indispensable. Before long a policy aiming at securing a defensive self-sufficiency is converted, under the pressure of conflicting politics, into a regimented economic offensive.

III

Does this analysis fit the facts? The short wheat crops in Italy of 1923 and 1924 necessitated extraordinarily large imports and was one of the factors that made for the financial crisis that followed. With the stabilization of the lira Mussolini began his Battle of Wheat, in an effort to secure a guaranteed food source for the nation. Under this policy of stimulating food production, the major portion of Italy's liquid capital—never very plentiful—was invested in agriculture, land reclamation and public works. The stabilization of the lira had had a deflationary effect upon most Italian industries, whose capital structures had been inflated under wartime pressure. Unable to secure the necessary funds to tide them over, many enterprises were forced to shut down completely, and the number of businesses which the Government had to take over increased steadily. By 1931 the state had become the largest industrial shareholder in Italy.

Intervention in one sphere produced dislocations elsewhere, and the steady decline in world trade as a result of mounting trade barriers forced an ever increasing state interference. For the first few years of the depression, largely through its ability to adjust production

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costs, Italy enjoyed an advantage in world competition. But as unemployment forced wage levels down in other countries that slight edge gradually disappeared, and when England, America and other nations left the gold standard Italy found herself at a decided disadvantage. But exports had to be pressed to correct an adverse trade balance, and to save the lira. In May of this year Italian wages were reduced, Mussolini appealing to the nation to accept the cut as indispensable if Italy were to continue in the struggle for world markets.

When the Five Year Plan was launched no Bolshevik thought that within three years every capitalist nation in the world would be howling against "dumping" and "forced labor." Tremendous imports of machinery in the first years of the Plan soon saddled Russia with a sizable foreign debt. Payment of those debts was made increasingly difficult by the deepening of the depression. Markets were not obtained so easily. The fall in the price of raw materials had been greater than the drop in finished products and Russia was exporting primary materials and importing machinery and similar equipment. To meet those payments Russia had to sell—and she did, her export monopoly earning the distinction of being called the "red trade menace."

In Germany the transition from a self-sufficiency aimed at defending the home market to an offensive nationalism directed at storming the ports of the world has come about much more rapidly. And so the process is clearer. With Hitler's accession to power an internal boom was launched, necessitating large imports of raw materials. Germany's international debt commitments were already enormous, and the strain of these increased imports could be balanced only by a substantial export surplus. But instead the exact reverse had taken place. For political reasons (the Jewish boycott and the diversion of trade by Russia, Central Europe and France) and for economic reasons (the competition of devalued currencies) Germany's foreign trade had been cut to the vanishing point.

Internally the Reich had done some peculiar things, particularly with its farmers. Agriculture had been completely regimented and food prices raised considerably. Although unemployment had been reduced, most of the relief had been accomplished through spreading the work and the purchasing power of individuals tended to decline. Rising food prices and declining purchasing power do not make for a balanced economy, particularly when there is a drought to force prices still higher, and a raw material shortage and foreign trade difficulties to force wages lower. To stave off collapse Germany had to force exports at all costs. That process is going on now. As I write this article, the morning's paper contains the statement of Dr. Schacht that "every preference will be given to exports over domestic trade."

This gearing of production to international competition, and the internal dislocations which efforts for self-sufficiency have brought with them, have done fearful things to the standards of living in each of the countries; and also to the capital structure. Economic nationalism tends to limit the amount of available capital in a country by cutting off international lending, by restricting the total volume of trade, by imposing a check upon the profit instinct and by directing investment along political lines. Under a system of strong arm

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economics investment policy is not guided by profit instincts but by "political necessity." Thus the cost of the Battle of Wheat was far greater than if Italy had gone into the world market and bought an equivalent number of bushels.

IV

This non-capitalistic tendency—I use the term capitalistic not in a labor sense but simply as the investing of capital on a profit basis—has not helped the worker, not in Italy under Fascism, not in Germany under National Socialism, nor in Soviet Russia under Communism. In each of these three countries the standard of living has been depressed terrifically, and if one considers the waste involved in their system of economics the reasons become apparent.

In Italy every cent of available capital, savings bank deposits, commercial balances, insurance and trust funds, has been mobilized and invested at the state's guidance. The turnover of money has been quickened, not in the form of trade through the hands of the people, but as investments through the banks. Italian capital has been invested chiefly in long-time projects like land reclamation and public works. A reasonable number of these projects eventually will pay for themselves; others have been undertaken to "make work" and are sheer waste of capital; but practically none of them provides any sort of economic return at present. This abnormal investment in long-term improvements is a distinct strain upon the capital structure. Demands for exports increase that burden. Debts have to be paid, and they are being paid in larger quantities of goods—a good share of those goods is being produced at a loss for political reasons. No capital structure, however expansive, can stand such a strain of uneconomic financing for long, and the drain on capital funds must be offset by forcing people to work harder for less. That, of course, is precisely what has happened in Italy under Fascism. And Italy has gone so deeply into the sink that Mussolini has already sounded this warning:

"People must put aside the idea of returning to the old days of prosperity —prosperity which became the ideal of men as men had nothing else to do in life than to accumulate money. We are bound perhaps towards a period of humanity leveled to a lower standard of living."

Russia offers a slightly different picture, although much the same thing has befallen her capital structure. All the factories and power dams that were erected during the Five Year Plan, like Mussolini's public works and land reclamation projects, offered no immediate economic return. Payment was made by forcing exports, by sweating them out of the hides of the people. Inflation of currency provided the Bolsheviks with a novel way of balancing their budgets. After imports had been met, the rest of the goods were turned over to the people. Wages were paid simply by printing ever increasing quantities of rubles, and prices were adjusted to the quantities of commodities on sale.

However, there is one important difference between Russia and Italy. Mussolini stimulated agriculture, Stalin industry. Mussolini, so far, has forced his people to pay only in part for those projects; the Russians have almost completely paid for their Five Year Plan. Italy followed a deflationary policy, restricting economic expansion, Russia inflated and industrialized a backward

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agricultural land. A larger portion of the Italian sacrifice was wasted in the bureaucracy of the Corporate State, in financing uneconomic projects. The Russians paid more, but they have more to show for their sacrifice. While Italy seems destined to be chained to a low standard of living for a generation, the Bolsheviks can confidently proclaim that henceforth their standard of life will rise.

It is impossible to predict what the results of National Socialism will be in Germany, but that the capital structure of the country will be subjected to the same drain as in Italy and Russia is already clear. Largely as a result of the tremendous work creation programme, and various other unemployment relief subsidies—programmes essentially uneconomic—the banks have been loaded down with the Government's I.O.U's. As long as there is not too great a demand for money the banks are safe. But should there be a run on the banks these drafts would be thrown back upon the Reichsbank, which would have to issue currency to meet them. Whether inflation takes place in this manner, or through a ruinous subsidy of exports, or through devaluation, Germany seems destined to have another currency debacle. The little capital that survived the last inflation will be dissipated—is being dissipated now in uneconomic projects—and it is not at all improbable that Germany will have a fairly perpetual inflation in the Russian manner. Of course it will mean a lower standard of living.

Laissez-faire economists have always admitted that a certain amount of destruction was inherent in their system of economics. But they argued that in a constantly expanding universe, with booming industrialization sweeping the world, the creation of new capital, the steady increase in economic wealth, would more than offset the waste of competition and blunders. As long as the world had faith in itself things did work out in pretty much that way. But a new era is dawning. And the introduction of planned national economies is to do away with all that waste which the liberal economists tolerated with such smugness. Our new school of strong arm economists probably recognize that a certain amount of uneconomic construction must be undertaken, but—in theory—that is to be paid for by eliminating the exorbitant capitalist profits of the old order. That sounds fine. In a world made up of nationally self-sufficient units it might work. But in a world like ours, which is bound together by a terrific debt structure and by the instinct of progress, isn't it possible that the waste of economic nationalism, the loss in curbing economic expansion and in adjusting dislocations will prove greater than that of the old system? The experiments with strong arm economics in Italy, Russia and Germany have proven that the waste under such a system can be greater than the waste of *laissez-faire*.

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Has the Supreme Court Abdicated?

By Alpheus Thomas Mason

The decisions upholding New Deal legislation have led some people to believe that the Court may relinquish its powerful hold on our government

An obscure and insolvent mortgagee in Minnesota by the name of Blaisdell, and a New York grocer who gave away a loaf of bread with two bottles of nine-cent milk, played, during the last session of the Supreme Court, a significant rôle in the legal development of our country. The New Deal legislation is under the microscope of the judiciary and dissenting Supreme Court justices record minority opinions with a note of confirmed desperation. "If the provisions of the Constitution can not be upheld," Mr. Justice Sutherland complains in the Minnesota Moratorium Case, "when they pinch as well as when they comfort, they may as well be abandoned." In a similar vein, Mr. Justice McReynolds predicts, in the New York Milk Case, that, "the adoption of any concept of jurisprudence which permits facile disregard of the Constitution as long interpreted and respected, will inevitably lead to its destruction." Both minority and majority judges agree that few cases of greater moment have been submitted during this generation.

Those who favor the New Deal as well as those who oppose it find comfort in the majority opinions. The optimists look fondly on those paragraphs in which Chief Justice Hughes points to the Court's growing appreciation of public needs and of the necessity of finding ground for a rational compromise between individual rights and public welfare. They approve his recognition of "an increased use of the organization of society in order to protect the very bases of individual opportunity." Opponents of the Roosevelt legislative programme are encouraged by the stress which the Chief Justice places upon the emergency character of the Minnesota legislation, but this emphasis is noticeably absent from the more recent decision in the New York Milk Case. The explanation may be that it was in the interval between these two decisions that the President announced the permanence of NRA. At any rate, if these cases do not support advocates of revolutionary change, neither do they support conservatives who contend that no such legislative in-

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novations can be valid save in an emergency.

But the deeper and more fundamental issue is not whether the New Deal will stand or fall. To the minority mind, the disturbing aspect of these decisions is their threat to the existence of the Constitution itself, and to our unique and venerable principle of judicial review. Our Tory judges doubt whether these institutions will survive such strain as the economics of recovery and reconstruction are bound to place upon them. Of real significance, too, is the fact that Supreme Court justices now recognize so openly that the Constitution is not a self-declaring document, and that in constitutional interpretation judges may mold, change or even destroy the Constitution itself.

This is a far cry from the original and official theory of judicial review, which was unostentatiously originated by John Marshall in 1803 to realize an ideal closest to the hearts and minds of the founding fathers—"a government of laws and not of men." To permit Congress to determine the limits of its own powers, Marshall argued, "would be giving to the legislature a real and practical omnipotence." But should the Supreme Court review congressional legislation, administrative acts, and State court decisions involving the Constitution, the Court would not be placed in any perilous supremacy because, the great Chief Justice observed, "it is emphatically the province and duty of the judicial department to say what the law is."

That is the official and plausible theory of judicial review. No problem of construing an oracular Constitution is involved; constitutional interpretation consists in finding meanings which can be clear only to judges. To judges the meaning of the Constitution is obvious, but to others, even legislators, its meaning is hidden and obscure. These outsiders have not this transcendental wisdom. The only final and authoritative mouthpiece of the Constitution is the Supreme Court, and its every version, gleaned from a sort of "brooding omnipresence in the sky," has the special virtue of never mangling, distorting or changing the original instrument.

Presidential nominations to the Supreme Court have frequently cast doubt on the admirable simplicity of this analysis. In conference Chief Justice Taft himself confessed to the Court: "I have been appointed to reverse a few decisions," and, chuckling, "I looked right at old man Holmes when I said it." "The Constitution today," Senator Wagner remarked in the debates on the nomination of Judge John J. Parker in 1930, "is what the judges of the past have made it and the Constitution of the future will be what the judges appointed in our day will make it." Felix Frankfurter, Harvard Law School and Brain Trust, put the same idea more tersely: "The Supreme Court *is* the Constitution." Perhaps judges themselves now see that the Constitution has been, and is, essentially a contrivance of their own making. Its provisions mean in actual cases what the judges say they mean; and what the judges say will be determined by various forces, by whatever social, political and constitutional theories the members of the bench may then entertain. The jelly has to take the shape of the mold in which it is set to cool.

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II

During our earlier constitutional development the relation of the States to the national government was shaped by Chief Justice Marshall's zeal for national power and supremacy. A soldier who followed Washington would not see the Federal System weakened. The early landmark cases, McCulloch v. Maryland, Gibbons v. Ogden, Cohens v. Virginia, the Dartmouth College Case, the Charles River Bridge Case, etc., were primarily political and theoretical—not legal. The future development of our country hung on whether the Constitution was regarded as a compact between States or, as Marshall insisted, an ordinance of the people of the United States. The doctrine of "implied powers," together with Marshall's broad construction of the commerce clause, enabled Congress to adapt the strength of government to swiftly changing economic and social conditions. Without some such broad theory of legislative eminence, the history of our country must have been sadly altered. Certainly congressional authority necessary to deal with the present emergency would be wanting.

Upholding national supremacy, Marshall argued that States are powerless to tax Federal instrumentalities and agencies, but this would not, in his opinion, deny the right of the national government to tax State governmental agencies. "The difference," Marshall explained, "is that which always exists, and always must exist, between the action of the whole—between the laws of a government declared to be supreme, and those of a government which, when in opposition to those laws, is not supreme." After Marshall's death in 1835, a Court headed by Chief Justice Taney substituted the doctrine of dual sovereignty for that of national supremacy. No express provision in the Constitution prohibited Congress from taxing the means and instrumentalities of the States, nor was there any prohibiting the States from taxing means and instrumentalities of the national government. In both cases the exemption rested upon a necessary implication. And in respect to its reserved powers, Taney insisted that "the State is as sovereign and independent as the general government." Times and judges had changed.

On rights of property and contract the judges' divergence of theoretical approach to problems of constitutional law is again controlling. Marshall believed so strongly in the sanctity of private contracts that in the face of precedents against invoking applicable constitutional provisions, he conjured up natural law—"general principles which are common to our free institutions"—and expanded the obligation of contract clause to unheard-of dimensions, all to protect vested rights from State legislative interference. He thus placed charitable and educational institutions out of the reach and control of arbitrary and tyrannical legislative majorities, but he put equally strong constitutional safeguards around the modern business corporation. And quite incidentally he annexed to the Constitution the vague and vast domains of natural law.

In modern industrial society no such doctrine could stand unchallenged. The first qualification was made in the famous Charles River Bridge Case where it was held that rights of contract must be strictly construed and that the public can grant away no rights or privileges by

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mere implication. The interests of society and the power of the State to protect health, morals, safety and general welfare must prevail over any private rights whatsoever. This established the doctrine of police power, which Mr. Justice Holmes defines as extending to all great public needs. The result is seen today in the Minnesota Moratorium Case where police power was used as the basis for upholding legislation regulating existing contractual agreements, "not for the mere advantage of particular individuals but for the protection of a basic interest of society."

A new phase of the Court's history began in 1866 with the Fourteenth Amendment which was forced upon the country by a radical Republican Congress, who believed that despite the Emancipation Proclamation and the Thirteenth Amendment the South would keep the black man in serfdom and out of Republican politics. To place the civil rights of the Negro under congressional protection, the "privileges and immunities" clause was put in the amendment and Congress given authority to make it effective. If this purpose had been shared by the Court the Federal basis of our government would have been overthrown, with Congress controlling strictly internal affairs in Southern and other States. The Court believed the Federal system should be preserved. It refused "to fetter and degrade the State governments by subjecting them to the control of Congress," and declined to be "a perpetual censor upon all legislation of the States." This view was religiously followed in the early Granger Cases where the Court stood for non-interference in legislative rate-making, claiming that fixing public utility rates was a legislative matter free from judicial control. On whether facts warranted the legislature in regulating grain elevator charges, the Court took the position that "if a state of facts could exist that would justify such legislation, it actually did exist when the statute under consideration was passed." And if the State should fix unreasonable rates, the Court ruled that "the people must resort to the polls, not to the Courts."

"Due process" in legislation was held to require merely due legislative procedure, but this view was abandoned by 1890 and the Court began to interpret "due process" not only as requiring a particular form of procedure but also as fixing substantive limitations upon the State's legislative power. The Court began "to look at the substance of things" and to inquire "whether the legislature has transcended the limits of its authority." These are ominous words.

No one can overestimate the increased power and responsibility thus acquired by the Court. Declining the rôle of censor under the "privileges and immunities" clause, it subsequently made itself, under the "due process" clause, the final judge of the State's economic and social policy. Refusing a lesser area of power the Court thus annexed regions of indefinite extent. With few scientifically certain criteria of legislation it was difficult to mark any line where State police power was not limited by the Constitution. In a new case the judge was free to decide much as he pleased and his choice usually turned on whether a certain political, economic or social policy did or did not find favor in his eyes.

The crying need for some means of preventing the judges in due process cases from reading into the Constitution a *nolumus mutare* as against the law-

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making power led Mr. Louis D. Brandeis in 1908 to introduce a new brief-making technique. For once the Supreme Court was presented with argument devoted not to legal dialectic and judicial precedents but to worldly facts and statistics showing the need for the legislation urged. At first the Court commended the Brandeis brief; increased liberalism and a period of judicial self-abnegation were heralded. But often such material actually gave the Court but one more weapon with which to strike down offensive legislation. Besides those granite concepts of "liberty," and "property," on which pioneer social legislation such as minimum-wage, hours-of-labor and price-fixing laws was wrecked, the Court fortified decisions with its own statistics. Obviously the remedy lies not in judicial study of facts and statistics but rather in return to the rule of judicial toleration followed in the Granger Cases. A reversion to this doctrine is clearly indicated in recent cases.

The Court solemnly disclaims, in the New York Milk Case, any purpose to continue the policy of translating its personal opinions into constitutional principles. "With the wisdom of the policy adopted," Justice Roberts observes, "with the adequacy or practicability of the law enacted to forward it, the Courts are both incompetent and unauthorized to deal." One likes to have the Court speak thus after severe criticism of its having proceeded on exactly the opposite principle for over forty years; after sturdy individualists, such as Brewer, Field, Peckham and Sutherland, have delayed and sometimes prevented our legislatures from dealing with pressing problems along lines set by the proved experience of other industrial nations. And this despite the fact that it has long been obvious to many intelligent persons, including Supreme Court Justices, that lawyers and judges are not any better equipped to decide the advisability of such legislation than are the legislators themselves.

The due process clause is not the only siren voice which has led justices abroad in pursuit of their ideas of economic and social Utopia. In the Sugar Trust Case of 1895 congressional power under the commerce clause was so narrowly construed as practically to render the Sherman Anti-Trust Act useless. If a combination of manufacturers admitted to control ninety-eight per cent of the sugar output in the United States did not come under the Sherman Law, it is hard to see how any combination could. A number of Supreme Court opinions plus acts of Congress have been required to undo this single judicial blindness to the facts of a changing social order. In the Income Tax Cases the same court undertook to correct a "century of error," and placed incomes as such beyond the reach of national taxation until the Sixteenth Amendment over twenty years later, and even then this amendment was not permitted to mean what its words say. Though Congress was authorized to tax incomes "from whatever source derived," the court has ruled that incomes from State and municipal bonds and the salaries of Federal court judges are still exempt.

In the 1890's it also came to pass that if property was threatened by labor activities, every resource of national executive and judicial power was available for its safeguard. Business men increasingly sought protection in the equity courts whenever property or property rights were thus endangered. Labor struggled to rid itself of this cosmic injunction incubus and seemingly

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important congressional legislation was secured in the Clayton Act of 1914, but the Supreme Court's interpretation turned it into a gold brick. Not until the Norris-LaGuardia and National Recovery Acts (1932–33) has Congress tried seriously to withdraw judicial power from the industrial struggle, and thus "to establish the equality of position between the parties in which," as Justice Holmes said, "liberty of contract begins."

III

All this has attracted attention enough. Apologists and eulogists have rallied to the Court's support urging that judicial review, unlike British parliamentarism, furnishes protection for private rights against even legislative majorities. One may doubt this contention. The Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments gave property interests formidable constitutional safeguards against social legislation, but the so-called fundamentals of free assembly, speech and expression have been no more secure in the United States than elsewhere, especially in times of crisis. Witness the tyrannies of Ku Klux Klan, Espionage Acts and of such Supreme Court decisions as the Schwimmer and McIntosh cases. European minorities have usually fared better, or did until the rise of Fascism and Sovietism. Nor has property always been paid the expected deference. Property rights in slaves and in liquor were annihilated without being paid for, although Great Britain compensated such losses. With us the erstwhile property-owner enjoys only such consolation as he may gain from living in a community which thus rises to higher moral standards at his expense.

Perhaps the strongest argument for judicial review is the need in a federated system, especially one so vast and varied, for an authority to settle conflicts between State and Federal government. Mr. Justice Holmes said in 1913, "I do not think the United States would come to an end if we lost our power to declare an Act of Congress void. I do think the Union would be imperiled if we could not make the declaration as to the laws of the several States." Judicial review enables the court to insist that law express something more than the will of this or that section of the country, this or that economic interest. The Court can require that law embody the moral conviction of our entire society, that legal right and moral right ultimately coincide.

When one considers important cases in which the Supreme Court seems now to have been mistaken, it is indeed remarkable that its powers and prestige have been maintained unimpaired. Chisholm v. Georgia was corrected by the Eleventh Amendment barring suits by an individual against a State except with the latter's consent, but it took the Civil War to overrule the obiter dicta of the Dred Scott decision. The ruling in the Pollock Case was recalled by the Sixteenth Amendment, though not altogether effectively. The Sugar Trust decision has long since been abandoned by the Court itself, and if the National Recovery Act is allowed to stand, precedents established in the Minimum Wage Case and in Hammer v. Dagenhart, where the first Child Labor Act was disallowed, must be abolished root and branch. If one applies the pragmatic test whether Congress or the Court has proved itself the better judge of law as to some most important issues wherein they have differed, the odds are certainly with Congress.

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To the credit of judicial review must be placed accomplishments the importance of which it is difficult to overestimate. Before the Civil War judicial review not only preserved the national government's existence against jealous States' localism but also laid foundations for government power, national and State, without which the problems of our industrial society could not be handled at all. After the Civil War the Court saved the States themselves from destruction at the hands of an arbitrary, partisan and senseless Congress. These are achievements of positive and permanent worth.

The entire history of the Court stands therefore as a denial of the basic theory on which judicial review rests. Judicial review requires more than the discovery of meanings obvious only to judges; it presents rather a problem of constitutional construction, and that of a document which is anything but clear. Underlying any theory of construction and strongly motivating judicial decisions (especially in due process cases) is some sort of a fundamental social or political philosophy. One judge may hold that men by taking thought can remedy or at least alleviate the misfortunes and sufferings of mankind; that the state should protect the weak against the strong. Another may answer that there are certain natural laws at work. Although pitiless and severe in achieving perfection, these must operate without state interference, the assumption being that "unfettered individual initiative" yields a maximum of universal good.

It becomes increasingly evident that judicial interpretation can not eliminate the personal bias of the interpreter because that interpretation is based upon that bias. Emotions great or small compel the judge to choose his side, and this is as good as it is inevitable. It is important only that that choice be made in clear awareness of historical events, of social and economic conditions and of human life, as well as of legal precedents. In the opinion of Mr. Justice Stone, "intimate acquaintance with every aspect of the conditions which give rise to the regulatory problems are infinitely more important to the Court than are the citations of authorities or the recital of basic formulas." The danger is that dogmas and doctrines may control the judges' thought and bar essential facts from entrance into his mind.

Judicial review has erected the Court into a third legislative chamber. The justices have dealt decisively with the wisdom and unwisdom of political, social and economic policies. In unguarded moments certain judges have, on these very grounds, expressly condemned legislation before them. Justice Brewer once said that "the paternal theory of government" was "odious" to him. Justice Field described the Income Tax law of 1893 as "an assault upon capital"; Justice Peckham denounced the New York Bake-Shop law as "mere meddlesome interferences with the rights of the individual." These judges purported to be declaring the law and applying the Constitution, contending that they were powerless to do more. But in Nebbia v. New York a dissenting Supreme Court judge insisted openly that the Court should consider legislation not only in terms of power, but also in terms of policy. "But plainly," Mr. Justice McReynolds declares, "I think this Court must have regard to the wisdom of the enactment." The fact is that the Court has never entirely closed its eyes to the wisdom or foolishness of legislative policy. The Court's discretionary veto over legislation may be exercised mildly or

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rigidly, depending not upon constitutional provisions nor upon any statable rule, but rather upon the social-political philosophy then held by a majority of the justices.

IV

In this lies the key to the whole matter. It was not the provisions of the Constitution, not the foundations of the fathers, that were being overthrown in the recent Nebbia and Blaisdell cases but only the then dissenting view of what constitutes sound economic and social policy. Nor does the theory that triumphs now over minority protests enjoy any sure permanence. The Court long ago sustained equally radical measures, workmen's compensation legislation, State wage laws, emergency rent laws prohibiting a landlord from evicting a tenant even after the expiration of the lease, and an act of Congress arbitrarily fixing the hours and wages of the employes of interstate carriers, a power which might conceivably be extended to every interstate industry. But these precedents did not embarrass the Court later on in setting aside minimum wage laws for women, a law fixing the resale price of theatre tickets by ticket scalpers, laws preventing exploitation of the unemployed by employment agencies, and other similar measures.

As Justice Roberts's opinion indicates, the Court may relinquish for a time its self-made rôle as arbiter of State and national legislative policies, and this will be all to the good. But why think, as certain commentators do, that these 1934 decisions will make it difficult for the Court to recover the ground it has relinquished, or that judicial review will fall into innocuous desuetude? Thomas Jefferson in 1819 spoke more truly when he wrote Spencer Roane: "The Constitution is a thing of wax in the hands of the judiciary which they may twist and shape into any form they please." If the Roosevelt legislative programme be declared unconstitutional the decision will not be necessitated by the Constitution but determined by the philosophy of five or more justices who disbelieve in the Administration's policy. It is almost unthinkable that a majority of the Court will set aside any substantial legislative effort to deal with an emergency which Justice Brandeis characterized as "more serious than war." During less trying times, Chief Justice White admitted that the Court "relaxed constitutional guarantees from fear of revolution." Judicial interposition now would mock our governmental system and elevate the Supreme Court to a dictatorship unparalleled even in this day of dictators. The American people are little likely to tolerate that. They are more likely to dethrone the Court.

The sum of it is that judicial review today represents an effort exercised intermittently since Aristotle to secure the rule of law as opposed to the rule of men. Where other constitutional governments achieve legislative responsibility by using an executive power to dissolve parliament, we employ judicial review. Holding to the ancient theory that law is discovered, not made, judicial review stands, President Coolidge declared, "as the aptest instrument for the discovery of law," discovered of course by lawyers and judges. But we have not secured thereby a government of laws, but only a system wherein all law must conform to certain standards of constitutional morality determined in the Supreme Court by nine men.

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Last Testament

By Grenville Vernon

A Story

The pain in her heart had almost disappeared and her throat no longer seemed stopped with cotton-wool. That was a relief at least and relief was all she could hope for now. She rose from the couch and, moving slowly across the room, seated herself at her dressing-table, then gazed quietly into the depths of the mirror, a gaze no longer inquiring but ironical. How fresh her skin was—scarcely a line in her throat or under her eyes—yet she never used make-up nor had the lines been obliterated by the surgeon's knife. Even the beautiful softness of her hair seemed to give the lie to the whiteness of its color, to the fact that within a year she would be sixty. At the thought the irony in her gaze deepened and she whispered to herself correctingly: "Would have been." She knew now that she would never reach it. Just an hour ago Dr. Gautier had left, and with him the specialist from Paris. They had told her the truth—and yet somehow she had known it all along—ever since the pain had begun six months ago. She asked herself why she had for once turned to outside confirmation to prove to herself what she had known. It seemed so silly after all these years—and the fulness of her life. The fulness of her life—she thought of the words of Goethe: "Happy is he who can keep the end of his life a piece with its beginning." Yes. She had succeeded in this. Everything she had done, experienced, had grown spontaneously from what had gone before, and in turn had given birth to what had followed. There had been no loose ends, no tags of unresolved regrets. Her triumphs and failures alike had had meaning, had at once been the justification of her past and the seeds of her future—the parts she had sung, the men who had loved her, the men whom she had loved.

The men whom she had loved—outside the window the oleander seemed to be bending toward her, and beyond and far below the waters of the bay were darkening from blue to purple as the sun slid behind the olive-crested hills. No longer was she gazing into the mirror. She had cupped her chin in her hands, and her eyes were far away, following the thoughts which began to rise from her brain, one after another, jostling each other gently, floating across her dressing-table, out the open window. From her brain—it was odd that they came from there, yet not odd, for her brain had been only the sanctuary where her memory had stored them—their birthplace had been her heart. Her poor exhausted heart, which was to end her

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because it had lived too much! And now she smiled. There was comfort in that at least. She had lived and loved and suffered, and that she must pay could bring no regret. The men whom she had loved—

II

Only the week before she had read of the death of Jean, the Romeo to her Juliet, the Faust to her Marguerite. The Paris Opera, Covent Garden, the Metropolitan—how the memories had thronged to her when she had laid down the newspaper. He had lived fully but never wastefully. He had been honest and that in the theatre was rare indeed. But then he had never been really of the theatre; great artist that he was, he had been a great gentleman first, a great gentleman by birth, but also in the things of the spirit. He had been a devout Catholic. It had been that which had separated them in the end. He had a wife, an invalid who never left her chair, but the Church permitted no divorce. Yet it hadn't been only that, for the weak and helpless had for him a sacredness. It had not been for nothing that his Polish ancestors had followed Saint Louis to the Crusades. Had he been able he would have married her, and she would have been happy as his wife. But he had gone back to the Church irrevocably. It had been strangely appropriate that the greatest Tristan of his age had ended by singing Parsifal. Yes. Jean had loved her. Had she loved him—really—as he deserved?

The room was darkening now. Far out in the bay a fishing boat was making for port, the white of its sail already dulled against the sombre water. Somehow her thoughts had joined the boat, tacking homeward in the evening light—and suddenly she remembered why. It had been a colder sea, and there had been no olives on the hills, but pines, and in the air the breath of the Arctic was never far away. Richard—he had been that to her, and she alone had called him by his full name, for to his family and friends he was Dick. That summer she had been thirty-nine, and he twenty-two. In after years she always remembered him in his little yacht, bronzed and laughing-eyed, grasping the tiller while she attended to the main-sheet, or, when there was no wind, reclining on a cushion at the bottom of the boat, her head against his knees. Attending to the main-sheet, how that had amused her; it had been so utterly different from anything she had ever known before—or since. Richard's six feet, and his litheness, and his strong arms were meant for action, and a proper mate should love action too. That summer she had been such a mate, sailing or walking over the hills, through the woods of pine and fir. The artist in her had meant nothing to him; the only songs he cared for were the music-hall ditties of the time, and one or two mid-century sentimental ballads. And she had been happy that this was so, for she knew that he loved her for herself alone.

Of course he had asked her to marry him—a dozen times—youth always does—and of course she had refused. And yet he had meant much to her—youth, which was hers no longer, innocent and gay and brave. For the first weeks he had been alone at the hotel, and their happiness had been unalloyed. Later his parents had joined him—his father, successful, pompous and a little vulgar; his mother, obese, vain and affected. Surely there was nothing of either of them in their son. His mother had at once disliked her, but his father had

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been pleased to be seen with a famous prima donna, and had tried to make love to her. When she repulsed him he had pouted pompously. For all his millions he was a fool, and he had no idea that his son was her lover. He had insisted on going to the railroad station to see her off, and when she had kissed Richard good-bye, the father's face had been a study. It looked as if its owner had just received notice of bankruptcy proceedings. Richard had written her many letters, but she had never answered them. She had seen him only once afterwards, years later, and then she realized that he had become his father's son. He was stout, divorced and had just made a killing in the market. There was a wistful look in his eyes when he saw her, but it was all that recalled the boy she had loved. She often wondered afterward if she could have saved him.

It was odd that a boy like Richard should have caused her break with Sandor, Sandor who was everything that Richard wasn't; a man of fifty, an artist, the greatest she had ever known. What was deepest in her art she had owed to Sandor, the man whose soul of fire was controlled by a will of iron and a brain of ice. She had never known another mind of such clarity and of such insight into the meaning of a work of art. Fragile-looking as he was, his powers of endurance were tremendous. Black-browed, near-sighted, his features positively ugly, he reigned in the conductor's stand unique and alone, scorning the aid of a score, with each note and effect imprinted in his brain. He had taught her the Desdemona of Verdi, Eva, Elizabeth, Melisande, but when she had wished to sing Isolde he had forbidden her, and she had obeyed. "Your voice is not of the heroic mold," he had said brutally, and she hadn't been angry. No true artist could be angry with him for an artistic judgment, for he knew and never lied. In art utterly ruthless, in life perhaps an egoist, he yet could be as tender as women are supposed to be, and as men sometimes are. There had never been any question of marriage between them, though his wife was dead and his children married, yet while their affair had lasted she had looked at no other man. The summer she met Richard she had intended to sail for Europe in August to meet Sandor in Budapest, but Richard had stopped it. Now, her chin cupped in her hands, she asked herself why. Why, too, she had told Sandor about Richard in a letter, a letter written after she had left Richard, and had decided never to see him again. Had it been that she herself was a complete egoist, that she had received from Sandor all that her art required? But Sandor himself hadn't accused her of this. He had simply written back: "The Norns spin the skein of all our fates." For half a dozen years afterwards she had sung under his baton, and never had she read in his eyes rebuke, or regret, or even irony.

III

The shadows now were thick about her, but she didn't switch on the electric light. On her writing desk were two candlesticks, and, rising, she lighted the candles in them, then seated herself in an arm-chair. The shadows and candle-light—that had been Michael, who believed in the Little People, and who had seen them and talked with them. A great poet, the greatest in Ireland, many said the greatest in the world. He had been the second man in her life. She had met him just after her début in Brussels; he had entered her dress-

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ing-room without introduction. He was tall and gaunt and his long locks fell over his forehead, and at that time he was practically unknown. His courtship had been the weirdest she had ever known; he turned up always at the most unexpected times, and often said the most uncomplimentary things, yet at the end of her engagement at the Opera he had carried her away to Ireland. His love for her had been only half of this earth. He would sit for hours in utter silence facing her across the huge room of the tumble-down castle he had bought, and then suddenly would begin to talk to her as if she existed only partly in the flesh. He told her he had loved her as soon as he had seen her on the stage because he recognized that she was half *fey*. And when she protested that her feet were very much on the earth, he shook his black locks, and, with a smile which seemed utterly divorced from life as it is lived by sensuous beings, he had said that those who were only half *fey* never knew it until their hour of death. Yet with it all he had been the most complete lover she had ever known, for his mysticism only heightened his sensuality. There was a keen irony in the thought that it was because of him that she would be remembered finally. Her triumphs in the opera would be forgotten when the last person who had heard her had died, but one sonnet Michael had written her was already in the anthologies, and would be read and loved as long as the language existed. They had broken because he had finally wanted her to give up the stage and live with him in his castle. But she knew that banshees and other Little People would be their chief companions, as Michael detested visitors when he was in the creative mood, and that was not at all to her liking. But ever since they had parted, on the anniversary of the day when he had walked into her dressing-room unannounced, she received from him a sprig of laurel. Only three weeks before the last one had come. She wondered if his black hair now was gray? He had been only a year older than she when they had met, but even then his age seemed timeless.

She stirred a little in her chair. Raoul —it was the very contrast which made her think of him—Raoul, the realist, the joyous cynic, the Frenchman *par excellence*—Raoul, the dare-devil pilot of Verdun and the Somme. She had been in her middle forties when she had met him, and Raoul had been twenty-five; but like Michael he too was ageless, though in a different way. The Frenchman is born without illusions, those illusions which give charm to the Anglo-Saxon youth, and Raoul was not only French but a Parisian as well. Laughter —that had been his keynote, but it was a laughter of the brain and the senses, not of the soul. He had never expected to come out of the War alive, but the realization seemed to amuse, even to exhilarate him. She was sure that he always fought smiling, that when he at last crashed above Peronne, the smile was with him till he struck the earth. The first time she had bade him goodbye she had wept, but each time after she too had smiled; and the last time—it was at the front where she had been singing in the camps—she had waved to him as he soared away. The imminence of death had put no tragic mark upon his brow, and when he flew toward his end she was glad that her final salute had been, like his, gay.

IV

It was dark now outside. No longer could she see the oleander beyond her

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window, but the lighthouse on the cape showed its flashing golden beam. Raoul, who had left her to die had been the last. It had been fitting so. It was odd that not until now had she thought of Peter, Peter, who had been the first. She had met him when she was studying singing in New York, and Peter lived in the same house, and was trying to write. There had been nothing unusual in Peter except his sympathy and his belief in her. Yet he had been the rock that had sustained her during those hard-fought, sometimes hopeless days. She had given herself to him, fully realizing what she was doing, because she needed him. It was he who had tried to resist, and to give him courage she had laughed at him. How well she remembered his room, so bare and famished-looking, with the shoes, which he tried to polish himself, but which always seemed to be resting with muddy soles under the bed or in dusty corners. She had tried continually to straighten the room out for him, but when she returned to it disorder had always again taken its sway. He had no sense of form at all. It had been the fault with his writing, and he never succeeded in selling anything. But she had loved him. Yes. She was sure of that. They had eaten together scanty meals, and had gone to concerts in the gallery, and had been standees at the Metropolitan.

As she thought of Peter tears for the first time came into her eyes. He had never succeeded. She had heard that he was the editor of a country newspaper somewhere in New York State, and somewhere in an old note-book was his address. And suddenly she knew that she must write to him, to him, the first man she had ever loved. And for all his failure was it not he whom she had loved the best? After all first love when it is honest is unique. Yes. Life hadn't been kind to him, and now that she had so short a time to live she must atone, must make him happy once again, must tell him that it was he and he alone whom she had really loved. The paper and the ink were before her. She stretched out her hand and took the pen.

PETER DEAREST:

Do you remember me, or am I just a wraith which once existed and is no more? The doctors tell me I have only a few weeks to live—perhaps less than that—and so I am writing to you to tell you that through all these years it has been your love that has lain deepest in my heart, the thing which counted more than anything else, more than my failures, far more than my triumphs. I love you now. I have always loved you. I say this, I swear it to you as my life is flowing from me, and the ghostly shadows reach out their fingers toward me. I love you—

The only sound under the flickering candle-light was the scratching of her pen. Only at last when she had ended a sigh escaped her as she signed the one word—"Elaine."

She sat very still, the tears in her eyes blurring the words as she reread them. Then slowly her hand went out again and touched the pen.

V

The morning breeze coming through the open window stirred the papers on the desk, and as the maid entered the draught blew two of the sheets to the floor. But the figure seated at the desk didn't stir. The maid crossed the room, then, returning, stopped beside her mistress.

"Madame," she said. And then again

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when there was no response—"Madame."

Still there was no movement, and this time the maid glanced curiously at her. She was still—so utterly still—as if she never would move again. And suddenly the maid gave a little cry—as *if?*

"Madame! Madame!" she cried, this time in panic. And then she knew.

She had been with her many years, and very gently now she touched her forehead. The pen was still in her hand, and under it was a sheet of paper, a letter. And the maid read:

MICHAEL DEAREST:

Do you remember me, or am I just a wraith which once existed and is no more? The doctors tell me—

And over the desk were strewn three other letters, and each, except for the name which began it, was exactly like the others. The names were Raoul and Peter and Sandor. And when the maid picked up the sheets the wind had blown on to the floor, the names on them were Jean and Richard.

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Holiday on Parnassus

By H. W. Whicker

Some hundreds of thousands of American young men and women are matriculating now in college; here is advice on how they should face the four years ahead

When, in the fall of 1915, I passed through the ordeal of university matriculation, there was a fairly stable social order in America, or at least it appeared so on the surface; and though the big guns were booming in far-away Europe, there seemed to be some likelihood that this social order would continue stable to the end of time. Psychology was seldom heard outside the tent of the patent-medicine "colonel"; no one knew anything about the technique of industrialized education, for there was no such thing. College professors were quite often learned gentlemen who had gone deeply into abstractions relating more to the spirit of life and living than to what contributes to the profit and glory in what man does; but that, of course, was in a comparatively primitive day when professors were teachers instead of mill workers pulling a lot of pulpwood and a little oak off the institutional green-chain to grade it alike for the market—a market which, by the way, is now cursed with all the afflictions production with little or no thought of distribution has brought upon all other markets.

Generally speaking, the universities of that era gained their prestige for reasons other than football winnings, enrolment increase and imposing architectural concrete. There were not so many of us on the campus then. Those with intellectual yearnings made the pilgrimage to Parnassus for consideration of elements and principles involved in living; those whose yearnings were otherwise went elsewhere and were none the worse for it—some of the latter, in fact, are both rich and famous now. Matriculation over, we were turned loose to browse according to our inclination in the meadowlands of learning. Our Alma Mater had the wisdom to assume that we were men and women in the making, and that a natural unfolding from within would ultimately determine what we were to be, if she provided an atmosphere favorable to our growth and sympathetic of our efforts to find ourselves. Later we might enter any one of the professions, business, industry, the law, medicine, banking, the arts, letters, or, in case we could hold our place in nothing else, teaching. White collar jobs were plentiful and college-educated men few. We had nothing to worry about on that score, or so we thought at the time. We were

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given to understand, wherever we turned, that there was a great deal of beauty and goodness in life if we could only discover it through the calm and repose of intellectual living. The professions were secondary, something to which, in due time, we would gracefully adjust ourselves, and which, in turn, would yield us the material substance and economic security necessary for the making of homes and the rearing of children. It was all very simple. None of the gentle old gray-beards of my student days could have predicted our entrance into the World War, the moral confusion and social disintegration of the boom days of the Harding-Coolidge epoch, and the great collapse of the Hoover Administration, one that left civilization as near chaos as she has ever been.

For more than four years an effervescence has been going on in the vat of human conduct. It is probable that every social ingredient of the ages will soon be lost somewhere in the fermentation. What we shall lift to our lips in the cup of living five years hence no one can say. The past has no lamp with light strong enough to guide us through the uncertainties of the near future. There is a hopeless babel of experts and authorities amid the wreckage, and the best they can do is disagree. Little wonder that matriculation should leave the youth of today utterly bewildered! His mind is as chaotic as the period that made him.

II

Now if we are to understand the matriculant of today at all, and appreciate his problems, and bear with him, as indeed he is forced to bear with us, we must look critically at the social order and educational system that brought him forth. We have heard no end of nonsense spoken about the virtues and vices of youth and listened to spirited attacks and spirited defenses without getting anywhere in the problem. Youth, his critics of the older generation lament, is a rounder in sex, an inebriate in drinking, a liar and a thief, a conscienceless cheat in examinations and a transgressor along any forbidden path; but the older generation, I protest, is also reluctant to follow the rocky road of righteousness. The older generation is not wholly clean sexually, as current scandals show in the divorce courts. Reputable business men did most of the drinking during the Prohibition era, and they are not infrequently drunk at the wheels of stream-lined cars now. Any advertisement or radio announcement is apt to be blatant with the falsehood and misrepresentation of our more mature citizenry in the distribution of their commodities to the consumer. While youth may crib for academic credit, the older generation looks to politics for graft, resorts to bribery and collusion for air mail contracts, countenances fraud on the stock market and justifies any means by the end of profit, though the homes of others are sacrificed and thousands plunged into poverty and squalor. Not one charge can be brought against youth that may not with greater propriety be laid at the doors of age. Youth, however, is far more impressionable than age, whose senses are dulled by time and blunted by the blows of circumstance; and that being the case, it is only fair to regard the youth of any period, notably the present, as a composite of the social trends and tendencies of its day.

Predominant notes and obsessions in national life from the close of the World War to the great collapse, the period

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responsible for the present generation, were mass production, ruthless competition, spectacular exhibitionism, political corruption and organized crime, blind optimism and hostility to criticism. These were the quicksands into which most of our essential institutions were miring long before the stock crash of October, 1929, and the subsequent panic revealed the full extent of our disaster.

The American home was the first institution to feel the full force of the hurricane that swept down upon us from the World War. It became a lunch counter and sleeping accommodation for parents whose time and vital energy went into any activity but the rearing of children. Parents washed their hands of the young they had borne and shifted the responsibility for their upbringing upon the public schools. Simultaneously mass production wrapped its tentacles around the educational system just as it had around industry. The educator was not the author of the system in which he labored, he was its first victim; it was necessary for him somehow to care for ever increasing student hordes; he had to push them through in order to clear his boards for others; mass production methods were his only possible solution. Circumstances permitted him no selectivity; democracy, whose shadow is absolutism, tolerated no distinctions between human wheat and human chaff and refused, on the theory of human equality, to recognize any. These developments soon changed the secondary school system from an institution of preparatory learning into a combination of public nursery and factory.

For the sake of convenience in checking volume and recording output the mimeograph replaced the heart and mind of the teacher. There was no end of grading and testing and practically no instruction at all. Countless form blanks had to be filled out with statistics of production. Workers in the system had no time for the subjects upon which the system was originally founded. Personal contact was lost in the volume flow of the human raw material, the whole of which had to be machined out in standardized patterns, veneered in keeping with popular concepts of an age on the verge of madness, and labeled according to pre-determined percentages of value foisted upon the system by the educational psychologist who was in reality its efficiency expert. The worker's personal attention, if any, went not into the worthy and deserving raw material before him but into misfits and psychiatric problem cases having no more legitimate claim upon him than has chaff upon the thresherman who discards it. This drove the educational laborer into reform activity; it added the blight of corrective supervision to the interfusion of factory and nursery and gave the plant the atmosphere of a reformatory.

Most colleges and universities supported by public funds were subject to the same pressure; and that they are now adopting similar methods of adjustment to the situation is indicated by a general lowering of educational standards to admit the totality of the secondary school output. Thus at a time when a young man is in the fulness of his physical and spiritual vigor, moved by generous warmths and loyalties, overserious to a fault, and animated by ideals so lofty that they are at times ridiculous in their impracticality, he has the caste of a commodity on a glutted market. His instinctive curiosity, his capacity for honest reasoning and his normal love of the truth have more often than not been seriously dwarfed or killed by the proc-

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esses to which he has been subjected. Naturally, then, as he matriculates this autumn, we are deeply concerned with what is ultimately to become of him and with what we are to do with him now.

III

For my part, if I were matriculating today with the background of what I have seen and known of life since that autumn of 1915, when I was turned loose to browse in the meadowlands of learning under the guidance of dear and wise shepherds who knew the blessings of what they had to offer, I would hold fast to certain elements and principles that subsequent events have tested and proven, I would trace their influence upon me through the turmoil of the years, I would judge them by their contribution to my happiness rather than to my purse, at any cost I would seek their fulfilment in the institution of my allegiance, and regardless of all else I would make those four years ahead on Parnassus the holiday from the world they were intended to be for youth.

I am aware that the frank, perplexed youth of today has no such background for his decisions; but if from the sand of my own experience I pan him a few nuggets of truth, he may be able to accept the version of a none too prosperous prospector as something more than meaningless advice.

First of all, I don't think I'd plan my career. The youth of eighteen is not the lad he was at eleven, and certainly not the man he will be at thirty, or at forty, or at fifty. Life for all of us is a succession of advancing stages. For a youth of eighteen to determine upon a career and obstinately stick by his plan would be senseless folly, and to cast it aside later would show his planning up for purposelessness under the brand of inconstancy. The man he is to be at thirty, or at forty, or at fifty can't be bound by the graph of a lifetime made at eighteen. Madness alone would insist that an immature mind of that age dictate the attitudes and actions of the hardened veteran of decades hence in his clash with circumstances, when every aspect of life itself must marvelously change in the meantime even as he must change. I like the bold view that all progress is a departure from established precedent. So far as I can determine from my dabblings in the confused history of our race not one of the great men who contributed to our welfare, and whose memories we reverence in statecraft, in war, in exploration and discovery, in science and invention, in literature and art, or in any other field of human endeavor, ever had any sort of a plan for his career. Abraham Lincoln was a failure in business and the law and in most other things he attempted until the strange inexorable destiny that underlies popular movements tossed him into the President's chair of the Republic; and his case, from Plato to Thomas Alva Edison or Albert Einstein, is only typical. Their achievements must be credited in part to the fact that in the flux of things they broke away from the beaten path and followed their own restless inclinations whither they led in the adventure of finding themselves. Theirs is an example worth the attention of the youth of today, whose ears are dinned full of the planning craze by laborers who push academic buttons and run curricular adding machines. I think it was Robert Burns who pointed out certain fallacies in the best laid plans of mice and men; and the modern matriculant is admirably poised between these two extremes of those who plan. For him to decide

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upon what he's going to do now is sheer asininity; he doesn't know and can't know. It seems to me far better for him to caper about in the meadowlands with faith in himself that nature has implanted that within him which, before he is done, will have the final say in both his being and doing.

I was taught by one lovable heretic that truth is a mistress worth wooing for herself and to be taken for what she is. I recommend the idea. It leaves one critical of misconceptions and draws the line through a host of obnoxious platitudes before one succumbs to them. There are a great many catch-phrases current for keeping the race of man in error and moving it toward tragedy; and by far the most universally accepted throughout Western civilization is the monstrous theory that time is valuable. Considered from the standpoint of our absolute and final standard of judging value, the law of supply and demand, I know of nothing less valuable. Time was here always. Time will be here always. Time is the one element in existence of unlimited and infinite abundance. Hoarding neither increases nor diminishes it. The longest life on earth is at best but the flicker of an eyelash against the eternity of time past and time future.

The theory that time is valuable leads to another and a worse fallacy, the one, I suspect, upon which the first is based—namely, the miserable dictum that we should always be doing something, and that our success or failure in living depends entirely upon our accomplishments. I most fervently doubt it! The planetary atoms of the Cosmos are as numerous as all the grains of sand on all the sea beaches of earth; and in perspective we are nothing more than a pediculous growth on one of the least of these atoms. It is hardly probable that the campaigns of Alexander had any impact upon the infinity through which the heavenly bodies turn and harmonize with each other; it is hardly probable that the dialogues of Plato, the plays of Shakespeare, or the economic treatises of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Dealers have had or will have any influence on the body proper of the all-embracing Cosmos. A star gazer on Mars would find the surface of our little, spinning world no different for the Panama Canal or the Empire State Building. What man does is as relatively insignificant to total time and total being as himself. In a state so futile, where individual life leads inevitably to individual death with no substantial indication of what is beyond, we have but one hope, the hope of happiness.

Some at least of the kindly old professors who led me through the meadowland of my youth no doubt realized this; for they were ever insistent upon the point and dwelt at great and often tiresome lengths upon the importance of living rather than doing. I was a Middle-West farmer boy who, to escape the plow-handles, had set my cap on being a cartoonist, a field that, before the coming of the syndicate, offered extraordinary possibilities of fame and fortune. My fine arts dean scoffed this out of my system as juvenile delirium, notwithstanding the fact that he had previously hatched out Fontaine Fox. He could be serious only about abstract beauty that can neither be bought nor sold. He saw to it that I had rigorous courses in composition and design, that I had my fill of sketching, and that I did no end of splashing about in oil and water-color. He taught me to look for the contrasting values in light

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and shade and the soft, luminous glow that permeates the latter; he took it upon himself personally to show me why clouds are beautiful, why flowers are beautiful, why human faces and figures are beautiful and why there is beauty in all life for those with open eyes; he convinced me before he was through that Nature never draws a false line nor permits a clash of tone in a color harmony in anything from a blade of grass to a mountain skyline.

Those professors of mine, back in the period following my university matriculation, cared not a rap for the credit I accumulated; they were interested in my unfolding, and they looked after me very much in the spirit of a gardener looking after blossoms not intended for the market. They were often loose and shiftless in the matter of credit, the currency of their realm. I could, for example, do nothing with mathematics, particularly trigonometry, a required subject. I spent one entire semester in the class of a learned Russian Jew who was as sympathetic as he was temperamental. Of all things in that course his nose appealed most to my under-graduate interest and sense of humor; so a little bored, one morning, I caricatured, in a most outrageous manner, his nasal protuberance on the fly-leaf of the text of a fellow student, who had the audacity to show it to his mathematical highness. This led to a friendship. He used to tramp over to my room and smoke and carry off sketches pleasing to his eye. I failed dismally in his final exam; but a couple of days later he called me into his office; and there, to my surprise, was my blue-book with a jolly big "B" scrawled all over its face. I grinned. Said he: "My poy, dodt's a condribution to your ardt vork, in v'ich you pelong. For de agony my course has caused you I humply apologize. I do nodt see v'y, midt your inderests undt inclinations, you shouldt effer haf peen compelled to take idt, or vodt goodt you can possiply gedt oudt of idt. I speak in all seriousness." He was right. To this day, when I mimic his words, there is a "God bless you, Professor Dantzig!" in my voice, for I have never had an occasion to use trigonometry, and I doubt if I ever shall.

And so I continued to browse around in association with understanding minds. It was under the microscope of a wizened little professor of science that I first saw the marvelous kit of tools on the knees of the genderless worker bee. That set me to wondering. It awakened me to the imponderable but nevertheless real in the mystery of life. From that day forth, wherever I went, I was never to know a dull moment. One morning I marched off to war to do my bit in a horrible butchery brought upon the world by the lust and stupidity of the older generation; and one day I came limping back. I rode the blinds. I entered the prize-ring. I coached and taught in college. I tried the newspaper racket. I tried a hundred things. I have never been able to keep my chin up before a banker or snap my fingers under the nose of a bill collector; but I have been happy as a consequence of my holiday on Parnassus, as happy as ever I could have been had those venerable gentlemen of the classroom placed the reserves of the United States Mint at my disposal, instead of the more limitless reserves of the Mint of Life.

IV

If I had it all to do over again—and I can't say, even at the risk of smugness, that I wish I had—I'm inclined to think I might make a different selec-

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tion of subjects, not that there was anything wrong with those I carried, but rather because the life of now is so vastly and so thrillingly different from the life of then. And I would make the selection, or most militantly thumb my nose at the whole present educational system while I chased about the nation looking for an institution tolerant of the individual urge for selection.

My academic course had its roots in the classical; its contribution to my unfolding was accordingly classical. But the classics and what was classical in life are a long way behind us. If I were a youthful resident of an Esquimau community far up in the Arctic Circle, it would only be the part of good common sense for me to seek instruction in the art of spear-throwing, the use of the kaiak, the principles of igloo building, and other branches of knowledge necessary for my adaptation to that environment; a knowledge of Latin and Greek, or of the Romance languages and literature, or of the conquests of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, or of those arts which make for social grace, would profit me nothing; and the chances are good that my belly might be empty and my body shelterless in the meantime. Why then should I, as a matriculant of today, fit myself for an environment which, however good it might have been back in some ancient or medieval century, is now as remote from my actual contact with today and tomorrow as is the world past and present of the Esquimau? This is no argument for specialization, either! I know a man, for example, who specialized in certain branches of engineering which have to do with the care and maintenance of a particular type of machine. That particular type of machine is now obsolete and will always be obsolete, and its keeper must either go jobless or spend the rest of his days at common labor. There is a great pick and shovel brigade passing by any day, and not a few of its involuntary recruits have degrees from reputable technical institutions of the past two decades.

When a man stands on the first fringe of the great frontier of the future, he can only view his situation in terms of broad generalities and proven principles. He must make a sociological adjustment sometime somewhere. If society is formative rather than established, he can understand it and take his place in it only by watching it grow and by participating in its growth. An individual opinion is like a drop of water, insignificant in itself. Collectively, drops of water are the sea in all its vastness. So many drops are a trickle, so many trickles a stream, and so many streams an irresistible tide or current sweeping humanity along like so much drift, at first imperceptibly, later through rapids, often through a series of rapids. Now and then, by some phenomenon of accident, a personality, lifted out of the masses, sums up the main trends and tendencies, good or bad, of these confluences of opinion into attitude, and he has power—leadership. He may be Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Adolph Hitler or Franklin D. Roosevelt; but actually, he is only the dramatic figurehead, not the real author of the act, good or bad, for which he is given credit; and his name merely labels an era or an epoch of such acts, much as Mr. Ford's name labels cars he no longer builds with his own hands. In effect the total force resultant from the mass confluence of opinion into attitude is working through him. A change, an eddy in the current, and the change makes him; another whim of the cur-

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rent, and he is lost. Why does he succeed at one time and fail at another, when in either case he is precisely the same personality? Why does he have power at one time, and no power at another? Because the emotions of humanity, as they flow into social trends and tendencies, are less of a constant value than himself. This explains why Woodrow Wilson is in the President's chair at one time, and Calvin Coolidge at another.

What we have long swallowed as history is for the most part only yellow-back dramatizations of the forays of such super-racketeers as Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon. History's true concerns are not with the dramatic feats of the men called great, but with the influences which at their headwaters not only make the dramatic feats possible but inevitable; and it is in these influences that the individual finds his place, socially or anti-socially. Sociology is now giving us some much needed instruction relative to these influences and the part the individual plays in their rise. This instruction should be part of the background with which the undergraduate of today faces the world of tomorrow. That is why, were I in his place, I would lay my emphasis upon sociology rather than Greek or other branches of the classics.

Furthermore, since this is a scientific age, and since any positive adjustment to it calls for scientific habits of mind, I doubt if the matriculant of today can see too much of the laboratories of general science. Where in sociology he may learn to observe and evaluate humanity and what humanity does, he may in science learn to observe and evaluate what humanity and all other life is made of.

And so I would call sociology and science basic requirements in my course of today, for they deal in what must direct obligatory individual adjustment to the social order and social activity of tomorrow; but there is another adjustment—the adjustment of the individual to himself and the life more infinite that stage by stage of his growth and development he discovers within himself. That belongs to philosophy, a tree that is always green and never old or young; it belongs also to art and literature, and to those abstractions in which the spirit lives. I think it a serious indictment of American university life that it is possible for a student to go from his matriculation to his commencement and never turn a page of philosophy. I say this because an iron-jointed, steel-ribbed, soulless master of civilized destiny is roaring at us in a clangorous voice: "Here is leisure; take it and live!" Our most baffling perplexities of tomorrow will be those of making the most of our leisure. Aside from the relaxations and diversions necessary for bodily health, there is no better way of exploiting leisure than in reflection and in amicable conversational jousts with those who are capable of reflection.

And that, finally, is the point of all this. *Here is leisure; take it and live!* The matriculant's task of today is the joyful one of learning to live; it was mine nearly twenty years ago. I flatter myself that certain of my professors taught me the rudiments of that art during my holiday on Parnassus, for I have been happy through all the changes since I sat at their feet, and I am happy today. I look into the mysterious face of life, and I see ugliness, but the mind's eye they opened for me shows me beauty. I look into the mysterious face of life, and I know there is

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evil there, but the heart's faculties for feeling they fostered in me reveal a goodness that is neither greater nor less for time. They gave me the gift of wonderment. Not long ago I saw an ant dragging a caterpillar along at a great rate, and that worm was at least a hundred times bigger than the ant. Fancy a man trotting home with a ten-ton elephant on his back, and one may appreciate the spectacle. Where did the ant get such strength? Could life be dull or commonplace with such a show going on at my feet? Why, upon that lawn were miracles innumerable! And a bird in the boughs above was singing a nameless melody he had composed. And a violet turned up to me a face perfect in line, perfect in form and color. Where did the bird get his melody? Where did the violet get its beauty? That evening I saw a myriad host of stars set mathematically in the heavens, and I wondered who the Mathematician was that had placed them there. A few moments back, I laughed with my wife over some triviality, and I knew that I was on my way to winning the battle those old gray-beards most wished me to win.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

COMPLETING a tour of the eastern part of these United States, the Landscaper took two recent weeks off to see New England, and before plunging into literary matters, would like to go on record as giving his complete approval to the part of the country where THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was born, and where it is still printed.

Much has been written by people better qualified for the task than the present writer about the beauties of Vermont, New Hampshire—nothing better about the latter than Cornelius Weygandt's *The White Hills* (Holt), which appeared two or three months ago—Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut, so we'll leave landscapes alone, although the Landscaper has seen in the course of several years of travel no more beautiful country.

It is as an endlessly fascinating part of this nation, which retains to an amazing degree its original characteristics, and which remains so downright English—in the most pleasant sense of the word—that it is hard to believe one is in present-day America at all. For those who like the open road and prefer to sleep where nightfall finds them, it is ideal; the houses as clean as a new pin, and the people, with their pleasant voices and fine dignity, as courteous and as friendly as anybody who loves the warmth of human contact could ask.

The Landscaper's travels took him all the way from Woodstock, New York, high up in the Catskills, as far into Vermont as Manchester, where the road ran across a freshet-swept and slippery mountain into New Hampshire, through New Hampshire, with plenty of time to see Mr. Weygandt's White Hills, and Mr. Weygandt himself in his delightful old house near North Sandwich, and from Brunswick, Maine, to Salem and Concord, Massachusetts, and home by way of the Boston Post Road.

A Thoreau Pilgrimage

The journey began as a pilgrimage to Concord, Massachusetts, to pay a tribute to Thoreau, and to see the place where a miracle once took place, for the Concord Group was a miracle, nothing short of it, one of the most striking of the many striking things that have happened in the history of this quaint and curious country. To this very day Concord itself has not fully made up its mind to be proud of its collection of free-thinkers; there are those who consider it somewhat of a disgrace that

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pagans such as Hawthorne and Thoreau —and even Emerson—are the town's best-known citizens.

One old lady has forgiven them all except Thoreau, who was, she says, no better than an anarchist, so when she makes her daily pilgrimage to the other graves on Authors' Hill, where so many people sleep whose lives were intimately bound up with the history of this magazine, she puts flowers on all the rest except Thoreau's. The Thoreau lot is covered by lilies of the valley, however, and Henry is probably just as happy without the cut flowers.

The Landscaper went to Walden, too, although a friend had warned him that it would be a disillusioning experience because of the bathing beaches, hot dog stands, and so on. There is a good deal of that sort of thing, but it was late afternoon, and not too many people were around to spoil altogether the loveliness of the cove where Thoreau lived and worked for two years.

A Neglected Shrine

It is true that as the Landscaper walked up the boulder that carries its bronze tablet, a tall girl in an absolute minimum of bathing suit, placed a long white leg on top of the boulder so that the inscription could not be read, but backed away in a moment, while her male companion was saying: "I wonder why they piled so many stones around here. Must be to keep him down." (There is a large pile of stones back of the boulder on the site of Thoreau's cabin.)

Not many people even see the memorial; a young Harvard student who is specializing in the Concord Group was both amazed and delighted, when we fell into conversation, that somebody else had actually heard of Thoreau and read his books. He quoted George Bernard Shaw's remark during Shaw's visit to Concord, that not a one of the men who lived and wrote there would be remembered a hundred years hence.

Of course, this was a typical Shavian statement, but if G.B.S. himself is remembered a hundred years from now and Emerson and Thoreau forgotten it will be a most disgraceful exhibition of a lack of intelligence on the part of the human race.

It would be very easy to go on for pages with gossip of the journey, which included visits to Robert Frost and Dorothy Canfield Fisher in Vermont, to Mr. Weygandt in New Hampshire, to Robert P. Tristram Coffin and Professor G. Roy Elliott of Amherst in Brunswick, Maine, to mention only a few of the delightful people who are either native New Englanders, or who appreciate its summer-time charms enough to settle in it.

Salem and Hawthorne

It would, in fact, be easy to take up the entire article with an attempt to express the Landscaper's delight with Salem, with its dozens of McIntyre doorways, its innumerable fine old houses, and its Seven Gable Settlement, where the best food and lodging is provided for minimum prices, and the lodging is in Seventeenth Century houses. It was pleasant to have the House of Seven Gables itself so near; an interesting enough place by day, especially the attic, which reveals the method of construction, but far more interesting at night when through the lighted windows it had a look of being lived in, and no museum aspect at all.

The copy of the portrait of Hawthorne as a young man, the original of which is in the Essex Museum, and not

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too well hung either, is particularly fine at night, although at any time it is one of the handsomest heads the Landscaper has ever seen. The Landscaper wondered throughout his wanderings in Hawthorne houses in Salem, of which there are several, of course, where it was Melville came to see Hawthorne and they had such an odd and difficult visit. It was in the Alcott House in Concord, which Bronson Alcott called Hillside and Hawthorne later christened Wayside; the bedroom where Melville spent the night and the fireplace in front of which the two men sat and found so little to talk about are both still to be seen. . . .

The World Astray?

It probably sounds somewhat strange that anybody living in this regimented age should be traipsing off to New England for love of so sturdy an individualist as Thoreau, but in this, as in many things, the Landscaper has the firm belief that the world has merely temporarily lost its way and that it must get back on the path of the Concord Group sooner or later for the very simple reason that no system can save mankind. In the last analysis, the whole problem returns to the individual, his intelligence, his self-discipline, his character, his "intestinal fortitude."

The other way is far easier, otherwise a tired Germany would not be following at the heels of a lunatic today, making a pitiful spectacle of herself. The Landscaper has been reading the last volume of David Alec Wilson's long life of Carlyle lately, and wondering what on earth Carlyle would think of the present-day antics of a nation he once respected so highly and with reason.

However, there is not space here for a complete dissertation on New England or on the Landscaper's philosophy of life. It merely belongs on the record that there has never been a more delightful vacation in this writer's life than his two weeks in New England, and that he believes, no matter what anybody says, in the profound and highly useful wisdom of the men of the Golden Day, which we ought not to be so stupid as to forget or neglect. We have bred few sages, and New England has had its full quota.

Some of the Landscaper's own ancestors tried very hard to be New Englanders, but they also insisted upon being Quakers, and so had to flee to the more hospitable Carolinas. They were Scotch-Irish Quakers, which made them peculiarly difficult for the Puritans to deal with, a stubborn breed.

The Old South Revived

Speaking of American origins, the best novel the Landscaper has read for some time, and indeed, one of the most distinguished works of fiction of recent months, is concerned with a civilization that was based largely upon the very intelligent action on the part of New Englanders of making money out of slavery and letting the South hold the bag with the slaves in it. This is Stark Young's *So Red the Rose* (Scribner, $2.50) which as these words are put on paper, appears to be on its way to a large sale, probably because people are a bit fed up with novels of the proletariat, with hard-boiled novels, and with novels, in general, about unattractive people.

Mr. Young has tried, with real success, to recapture both the outside and the inside of the culture of the Old South, taking for his scene the country in and around Natchez, Mississippi, and

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for his time a few months before Fort Sumpter, the four years of the Civil War, and a brief time afterward, long enough for a picture of the terrors of Reconstruction. He has not written merely another costume novel, leaning heavily upon the settings for his effects; the especial merit of the book is that while none of the details of a distinctly romantic and picturesque life are missing, it also has the philosophy of a way of life. It was a philosophy rooted in the classics, in Eighteenth Century rationalism, in Sir Walter Scott, in a warm climate with plenty of servants.

A Genuinely Romantic Period

These suggestions are the Landscaper's own; Mr. Young's more skilful hand shows them at work in the lives of interesting human beings. There are those who insist that all Southerners are sentimental and romantic about this period, and that its charms have been grossly exaggerated by time and also by the defeat sustained in the Civil War, but Mr. Young is neither sentimental nor romantic, merely truthful. He has written from profound feeling and with an evidently powerful artistic conscience. The results are good, and the book is also delightful to read, full of grace and humor, of drama and love and tears.

Of course, the real difficulty in trying to deal realistically—or, as in the case of T. S. Stribling, satirically—with this period is that it was *per se* a romantic and therefore somewhat sentimental period. Apply a method which is in contrast with the spirit of the times, and the result is not far from worthless. *So Red the Rose* is a fine piece of work, and, incidentally, far ahead of anything Mr. Young has ever done before in the way of fiction.

Other Good Novels

The full tide of autumn publishing will have set in by the time the next Landscape is written, but while we are waiting there are a good many other novels besides Mr. Young's that are worth reading. There is, for example, Samuel Rogers's *Dusk at the Grove* (Atlantic Monthly Press—Little, Brown, $2.50), the winner of the $10,000 *Atlantic Monthly* Prize which was awarded in other years to Mazo de la Roche's *Jalna* and to Ann Bridge's *Peking Picnic*, both books of a high quality.

Mr. Rogers's sound work deals with the lives of the members of a modern American family, father, mother and child, with the principal setting a holiday ground on the Rhode Island coast, and the time covered being from 1909 to 1929. It is a novel of high merit and should be widely popular.

Other recent American novels range all the way from *All the Skeletons in All the Closets*, by Keith Fowler (Macaulay, $2.50), an authentic story of the operations of a society scandal sheet in New York, to Evelyn Harris's *The Barter Lady* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), the story of how a woman in Maryland, left with 300,000 pear trees on her hands when her husband died, met her trying problems. The best review of the book the Landscaper read at the time it appeared said: "This is a 1934 Walden, Walden with a mortgage on it." It is authentic farm stuff, well told, and a remarkable record of courage and intelligence pitted against almost insuperable odds.

Mr. Fowler's book is rough and ready, slangy, wisecracking, and very frank; most of the people in it are either snakes or lice, but it is a talented novel,

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and it is authentic. Another of the "tough" novels of recent weeks is Benjamin Appel's *Brain Guy* (Knopf, $2.50), the story of the education of a gangster, a hard-boiled yarn that does not quite come off, although it, too, shows a good deal of skill in the writing. Still another novel that your maiden aunt in Kankakee might not wish for at present, although she would probably finish it if she started it, is John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), a first book by one of the brilliant young contributors to *The New Yorker* and other magazines.

Country Club Life

This last is a country club story of Gibbsville, Pennsylvania, and is concerned with the breaking up of a young man whose only real virtue, if it is a virtue, is his ability to please the ladies. Otherwise he is a rotter. He is married to a charming wife, who loves him, but things begin to happen, and when the pinch comes as a result of his own silly acts, he can think of nothing better to do than kill himself with carbon monoxide fumes from his car. There aren't many nice people in the book, and the Landscaper is not even sure there are many human beings in it, but Mr. O'Hara writes with shrewdness and hardness, and his surfaces are bright and shining. Also he knows his country clubs. The town racketeer is about the most attractive person in the book, which is a tip-off; Mr. O'Hara is, like Hemingway and a lot of others, a romanticist in reverse.

Important novels can not be written about wholly trivial people, but Mr. O'Hara has his merits in spite of the handicap of his material and *The New Yorker* manner, which, oddly enough, is good for short stories, and not very good for novels.

A Rousing, Rowdy Satire

For amusement, you will find nothing funnier on the lists than Don Skene's hilarious and rowdy satire on the heavyweight prizefight racket called *The Red Tiger* (Appleton-Century, $1.50), which is not only a most entertaining book, but also full of one take-off after another on every phase of this ridiculous business, including the applesauce written by the sports reporters, Mr. Skene being an unusually good one himself. The Tiger was a large and impressive looking marshmallow when Doc Carey spied him and decided he could be managed into the championship; it is this saga that makes the plot. Along the way a tough wench known on the stage as La Panatella fell in love with the Tiger, the hair on whose very chest was false, and so we have romance, too. This is grand stuff.

Also there is K. T. Knoblock's *A Winter in Mallorca* (Harper, $2), the title borrowed from George Sand, and the story itself a record of a winter on the island during which all sorts of crackpots wander in and out of the pages. It is lightly and brightly written, will tell you practically nothing about Mallorca, except that the cathedral in Palma is "brutal," which it isn't, but it is worth reading just the same if you are looking for entertainment, which is hard to find among current novels. Oh, yes, the Knoblock novel is compared on the jacket with *South Wind;* all gay novels about islands are compared with *South Wind*, unfortunately for them, because the world isn't entitled to more than one *South Wind* a century, and this is a generous allowance.

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Novels From England

Recent English novels include A. P. Herbert's *Holy Deadlock* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50); Alex Waugh's *The Balliols* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50); Edward Shanks's *Tom Tiddler's Ground* and Eden Phillpotts's simple and old-fashioned and also very pleasant rural yarn, *The Oldest Inhabitant* (Macmillan, $2.50).

Mr. Herbert's book is a satire on the English divorce system, somewhat overloaded with legal details to be as good a novel as it might, and not, let it be said, another *Water Gypsies;* Mr. Waugh's novel is of the chronicle species, in which the lives of a family are followed against the slowly moving scenery of the various periods in which they live—the method is familiar and while well enough handled results in neither a very good nor a very bad novel; while Mr. Shanks's long story is concerned with a man brought up in humble circumstances who eventually succeeds financially, but who has a fatal flaw in his character. The scene shifts from England to Germany and back again; there is a good deal of action and humor, and the writing is good and solid, without being especially distinguished.

Mr. Priestley's Island

The non-fiction of recent books ranges over wide fields, and does not fall readily into classifications. One of the outstanding books was J. B. Priestley's *English Journey* (Harper, $3), a remarkable record of travels of a novelist up and down his native England. The Landscaper's enthusiasm for the merits of the book had to fight against his intense dislike of Mr. Priestley's ill-mannered behavior during a visit to this country a year or so ago. Mr. Priestley's pictures of industrial England, of the "Black Country," and of the ruin wrought by the depression are, however, of the sort that must be praised. They are terrible almost beyond endurance, but they have the perfect appearance of truth, and they are done with deep understanding and sympathy. It is true, as the author himself says, that he has written a book for our own times, although the English working classes have never been anything for the country to boast of—not that it is their fault at all—and they are particularly disheartening to look upon after the disastrous last few years.

Only last summer two friends of the Landscaper arrived in Spain after a stay of several weeks in England, and the first comment they made was upon the difference in the appearance of the working people, the Spaniards having all the advantage in physique, looking well-fed and strong, and what is more important, completely self-respecting. It is no credit to England that this comparison could be made and that it was true; the caste system breeds a few fine specimens, and below the first cut is one of the worst middle classes on earth, and below that, the underfed, undersized, and very underdoggish looking working people. Spain may be backward in every other respect, but she is not backward in human beings.

Mr. Priestley talks of thousands of things in his book, and has many of the charming descriptions which the English countryside deserves; he has written a very fine book indeed, and one that will richly repay reading.

A Great Lawyer's Career

Another English book worth looking for is *Lord Reading and His Cases: The*

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Study of a Great Career, by Derek Walter-Smith (Macmillan, $3.50), the record of the lifetime of work of a noted lawyer and statesman, which will prove worth while to any one who is interested in human beings, and which should also be of value to members of the legal profession. Here are full accounts of such famous trials as the Liverpool Bank Case, the *Titanic* Disaster, with its tremendously dramatic testimony; the Marconi "Scandal," the Defense of Sir Edward Russell, and many others, a grand book altogether.

One of the finest biographies of the year is Howard Swiggett's *The Rebel Raider: A Life of John Hunt Morgan* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50), a realistic life history of a romantic Confederate cavalry leader, which is also an excellent story of what went on in the Border States among Confederate sympathizers, and of the irregular warfare fought in these regions. Mr. Swiggett has written the truth as he found it by careful research, and while he removes some of the glamor from Morgan's record, he takes away none of the excitement. He has made a distinct contribution to the history of the Civil War, and at the same time has added a first-rate biography to the growing list of biographies that have been written in the past decade about the leaders in this struggle.

Communism in China

A highly important book, since it is deeply concerned with the fate of China's millions, which may easily mean the fate of the world in the not-far-future, is Victor A. Yakhontoff's *The Chinese Soviets* (Coward-McCann, $2.75), an account from first-hand observation of the workings of communism among the some 80,000,000 Chinese who have embraced it in Central China. Their relations with the Soviets, their handling of their problems of government, their difficulties with the other provinces, and their possible future are all discussed at length and with fine intelligence in a way that will, one feels certain, be a revelation even to well-informed people.

Other books on topical subjects include Hamilton Fish Armstrong's small, but very useful, volume, *Europe Between Wars* (Macmillan, $2), a discussion of the present situation on the Continent; and Douglas Reed's *The Burning of the Reichstag* (Covici-Friede, $3), an English journalist's account of the fire and of the trial, which makes it certain that the men accused were not the incendiaries. It is a well-written and readable book that will prove convincing, although Mr. Reed does not go far enough to try to fix the blame on Hitler and his followers, where it unquestionably belongs.

Also Louis Adamic's *Dynamite* (Viking, $2.50), a reissue of one of Mr. Adamic's earlier books in which the author of *A Native's Return* advocates the use of violence in labor troubles, and suggests that working men can never win their rights without being willing, at least, to meet force with force. Of course, this isn't very pleasant propaganda, but there is a certain amount of common sense in it, since capital and labor are each after what they can get, and since capital has never hesitated to use force to the limit to hold on to what it considered its rightful share.

The New Religion

A most interesting if not altogether convincing attempt to furnish a religion for the common man out of the discov-

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eries of modern science is to be found in a book called *Science for a New World* (Harper, $3.75), which was a project of the great Scottish biologist and popularizer, Sir J. Arthur Thomson, but which he did not live to finish. It was turned over to J. G. Crowther, who edited *The Outline of Science*. It consists of a large number of essays on various subjects, and is tied together by the statement that, on the whole, man has sought good since his history began, that he is, in other words, on his way upward. The essays for the most part preserve the open-minded and reasonable attitude of mind that is characteristic of men of science, and they are valuable as aids to orientation, but this is not a new Bible for the masses.

What the run of men want, if they feel the need of religion at all, is something much more certain than this, something, for example, like one of our popular American cults which works like a most generous slot machine. You put in your faith, and you get out health, wealth and happiness.

The Crowther book is worth reading for Dr. Hoggben's essay on the subject of heredity and environment and Dr. Leathes's remarkable article on "The Human Machine." There are others, too, almost as impressive and as mind-stretching.

Seeing America First

An account of a long trip through Western America made last year by Lewis Gannett of the New York *Herald Tribune* and his family is a deservedly popular book of the moment. It is called *Sweet Land* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), and it tells a lot about automobile camps, about good small restaurants, about Americans at home and what they think; it has many exciting descriptions of strange places and odd people. It is, in other words, just the kind of book to make anybody with a trace of *wanderlust* feel like taking just such a journey at once. The Landscaper has made two of these Seeing America tours, one of seven thousand miles, and one of two thousand, and there is nothing like them; they are inexpensive, comfortable and delightful. Mr. Gannett sets down his figures and they are very low. The modern automobile—especially the new touring models with built-in trunks and space for luggage behind the back seat—and good roads together have given us a most alluring way to spend our leisure, and Mr. Gannett obviously had his full share of enjoyment out of the trip.

Women's sense of humor has long been a subject of argument, and Webster uses it to excellent advantage in his series of cartoons "And Nothing Can Be Done About It," which every married man admires extravagantly. An important contribution to the subject is *Laughing Their Way: Woman's Humor in America*, edited by Martha Bensley Bruère and Mary Ritter Beard (Macmillan, $3), an anthology whose selections range all the way from "Mary Had a Little Lamb," which was written by Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, to caricatures by Helen Hokinson from *The New Yorker*. Also there are such quotations from Emily Dickinson as this famous quatrain:

> How dreary to be somebody!
> How public, like a frog
> To tell your name the livelong day
> To an admiring bog.

The selection is an admirable one, and if anybody ever took seriously the charge that women have no sense of humor, this book ought to cure the very silly notion.

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Some Omnibus Volumes

Two large books with a tremendous lot of reading matter in both remain to be recommended. They are Somerset Maugham's *East Is West*, a collection of thirty of Mr. Maugham's own short stories, with an introduction (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50); and *A Book of Great Autobiography*, published by the same firm at $3, and containing the life histories of W. N. P. Barbellion, Christopher Morley, Joseph Conrad, Selma Lagerlöf, Helen Keller, Etsu Sugimoto, Walt Whitman and others, enough reading for several years of long winter evenings.

Also there is Carl Van Doren's anthology, *Modern American Prose*, with almost a thousand pages in it for $2.75, an excellent selection, with a good essay by Mr. Van Doren, except that it omits Ellen Glasgow, which is inexplicable, since nobody in England or America today writes better prose than the Virginia novelist.

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